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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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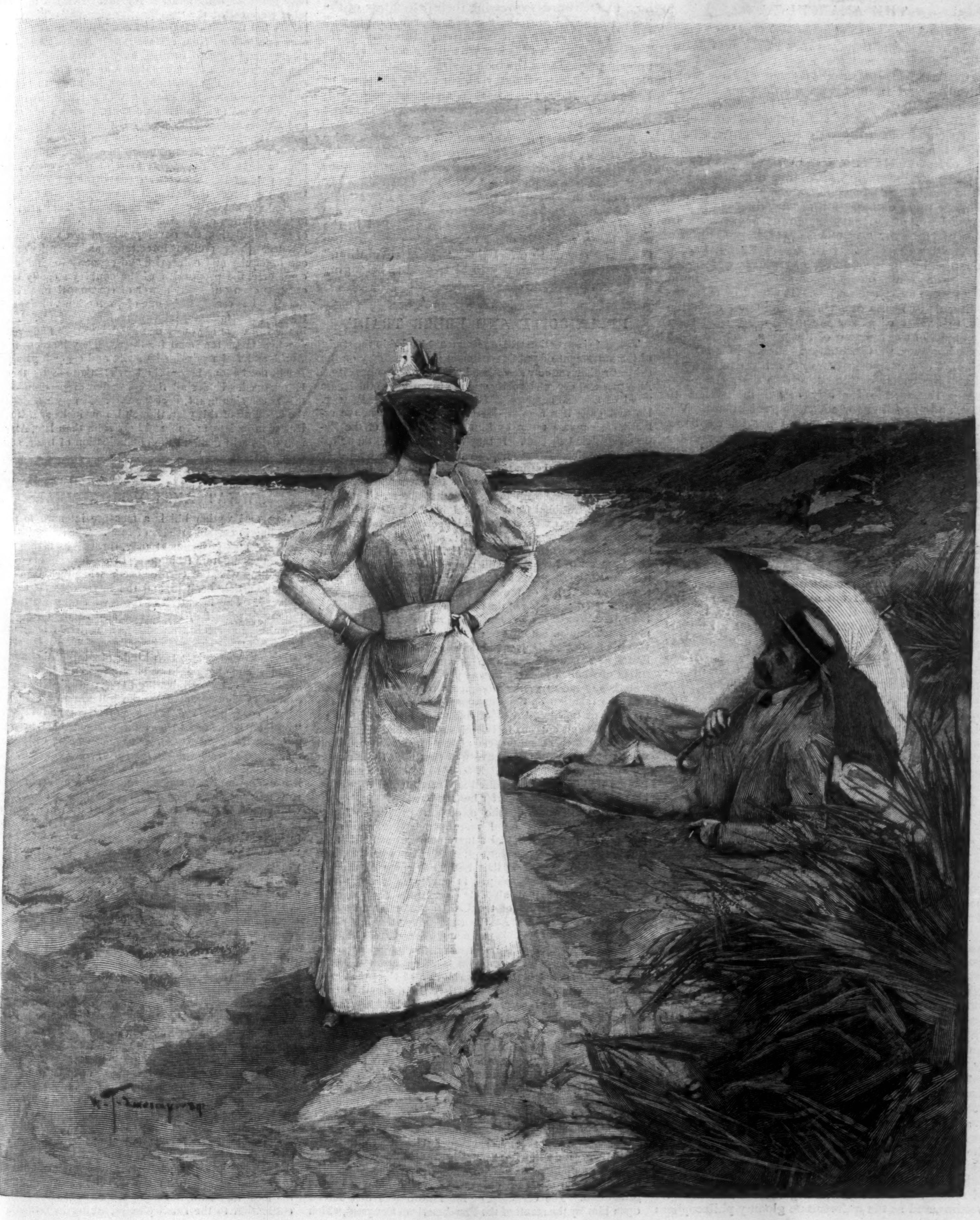

A LAZY COMPANION.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 775.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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"HARPER'S WEEKLY *is the best existing illustrated history of the year. . . . It should be in the library of every man who wishes to preserve a record of the world's progress and to refresh his mind about the course of men and affairs.*"—N. Y. Herald.

THE ANARCHISTS.

THE murderous attempt upon the life of Mr. FRICK, the manager of the CARNEGIE works, by the Anarchist BERKMANN, and the belief that this outrage was the upshot of an anarchist conspiracy, have called forth a demand from various quarters for the suppression of the anarchist papers in this country. The doctrine preached by such papers—that society can be cured of its ills only by killing everybody whom the anarchists do not like—is undoubtedly very objectionable. Such teachings, constantly reiterated, may, indeed, in spite of their excessive atrocity and consummate foolishness, exercise an exciting influence upon diseased minds, and thus cause real mischief. But the suppression of newspapers in times of peace for sentiments uttered by them is a peculiarly serious and far-reaching thing, hardly warranted by our laws, and it may well be questioned whether any abuse of the freedom of the press should induce us to make such a law. It would be extremely difficult to frame one which might not open the way to abuses of power far more dangerous than any abuse of the freedom of the press. There is no doubt, however, that without any encroachment upon the spirit of our free institutions, a law can be made holding the writer or the editor of a newspaper personally responsible for any actual incitement to crime, and providing for adequate punishment. We punish the libeller. Why should not justice be as swift and severe against anarchists inciting murder in print as against other classes of less harmful evil-doers?

Anarchism, which, if it has made itself correctly understood, means the absolute destruction by means of force of all existing political and social organisms, without the substitution of any sort of governmental institution to hold society together, is a curious psychological phenomenon. We can hardly picture to ourselves the condition and the operations of a human mind that has entirely cut loose from the existing order of things, and from all the feelings and the ways of thinking of the bulk of humanity, having lost all sympathy with them, and, in fact, all understanding of them, and which lives in a circle of ideas all its own, at war with its surroundings. What circumstances, what theory of life, what train of reasoning, can have driven any intelligent being into such abnormities? We might imagine as the motive power that could produce such an effect upon an originally noble character, a state of absolute despair—a despair brought about by a hopeless struggle for a decent human existence against insuperable obstacles, a frantic protest against an all-powerful injustice rooted in the social order as it is.

This might be called the ideal or the romantic view of the case. And this view is actually entertained by some well-meaning persons among us, who good-naturedly try to explain, and even to excuse, this as well as other excrescences by saying that they are the product of the present vicious organization of society, and that society is really responsible for them. There is in this a curious confusion of ideas. If society has produced the man who, having to work for his living, and then, being out of employment, despairs, and helps himself by stealing, and then lands in the penitentiary, has not society also produced the man who, under exactly the same circumstances, and with exactly the same chances, equally poor, also out of work and in distress, does *not* despair, does *not* steal, but honestly continues to seek employment until he gets it, and then prospers, and lands in a comfortable home, and dies surrounded by a well-conditioned and contented family? Is it not the same society in the one case as in the other? Has not the difficulty been rather with the man than with society? It will hardly be denied that society produces far more honest men than thieves. Should society be charged with the responsibility only for the few thieves, and not be credited with the many honest men? Will it do, therefore, to explain anarchism by finding reasons for it in the existing order of society, and by representing the anarchists as its victims, and as the unfortunate gloomy philosophers of despair, more to be pitied than to be condemned, especially in this country, with its abundance of opportunities?

The sober fact is that when we look at the anarchists individually, we can distinguish several classes of them. One class consists of young men with some natural brightness, but little education, who consider themselves too good for steady work, who first started as socialists, and who then were carried away by the ambition to distinguish themselves by being more radical than the rest, by proposing more violent "remedies" for existing evils, and by running their half-baked theories to more absurd extremes. There are some sincere fanatics among these who will do atrocious things with a certain consciousness of self-sacrifice, and also meet death with composure. But the character of their *dementia* makes them no less dangerous nor less criminal, either in the eyes of the law or those of common-sense. Another class consists of unthinking bawlers, who have nothing in their heads but a rich vocabulary of catchwords expressing their detestation of the "capital beast," and their eagerness for "revenge." Herr MOST is a fair representative of this class. He has the reputation of being personally a coward, but nobody pronounces the blood-thirsty formulas of his creed with greater fluency and a richer affluence of language. There are, however, anarchists more radical than he, who set him contemptuously down as a "reactionary."

A third class consists of men who, under the guise of avenging the wrongs of the poor or of vindicating the rights of labor, commit any crime that promises to satisfy their needs or that suits their tastes. They are well represented by the Frenchman RAVACHOL, who recently met his fate on the scaffold. They are simply common robbers and assassins. But in the same measure as the other classes of anarchists use the same means to effect their "social revolution," they will have practically to be treated as belonging to the same category.

RECIPROCITY AND FREER TRADE.

THERE is instruction with amusement blended in the study of the movement of public sentiment in this country on the subject rather vaguely described by the term "reciprocity." As a political cry, reciprocity was the invention of the fertile mind of the ex-Secretary of State, Mr. JAMES G. BLAINE. He first gave it a notable degree of prominence in the remarkable canvass made by him for the benefit of the Republican ticket in 1888. It may be remembered, though it must be confessed that subsequent events have tended to obscure that fact, that in the canvass of that year there was a distinct current of tariff reform in the arguments and statements of the Republican journals and speakers. The platform of the National Convention showed no sign of it, for that was a very extreme and bold declaration in favor of reducing the surplus by duties that should check importations. But clear-headed men like Mr. PLUMB of Kansas and Mr. ALLISON of Iowa, and still more definitely Mr. BLAINE, recognized the discontent of large bodies of the people with the heavy taxation of imports, and to them the most significant and disquieting of the indications of discontent came from the farmers on the one hand, and certain classes of manufacturers on the other. Of the latter, the most striking was the protest of the iron and steel workers of the Eastern States, and that of a considerable number of the manufacturers of woollen goods. It was plain that the taxation of materials of industry, like wool, iron ore, pig-iron, coke, and coal, the taxation of the instruments of industry, and the taxation of the necessaries of daily life, had begun to be perceptible and onerous to two classes who had theretofore been the stanchest supporters of the tariff system. And what was especially impressive was that both these classes showed that they felt the high tariff to be a barrier to that foreign trade which they desired and needed, and were capable of getting were the barrier but removed.

Mr. BLAINE, who, despite a certain pettiness of personal feeling, has a mind more penetrating and more broad, a deeper insight, and a more courageous spirit than many of his fellow-leaders, grasped the situation, and sought a way out of it that had in it some of the elements of real statesmanship. In substance it was to extend the area of that absolute free-trade that prevails within the wide limits of the United States over the two American continents. At the same time, that he might save the consistency of his party and guard for it the direction of the new policy, he conceived the notion of a customs federation, with a common tariff against the rest of the world. In this he saw the solution of the problem of a Republicanism which should satisfy the demand and the need for freer and greater commerce, and which should still not break too rudely with the Republican tradition of protection. It would be interesting to trace the development of this plan in Mr. BLAINE's public utterances, and to point out the variations from it that expediency compelled him to make. But this is not the place for that. Suffice it to say that the specific embodiment of his idea of extending trade was essentially impracticable, first, because the states he desired to combine in a customs union were far too diverse in conditions and political methods to permit effective co-operation, and second, because he sought to turn the currents of trade flowing naturally, and in present circumstances inevitably, east and west, and compel them to flow north and south. That change may come, but not in this generation. The certainty of his failure was first forced upon him by the result of the Pan-American Congress, which made so strong an impression for a time, but which is now almost forgotten.

But Mr. BLAINE was not wholly discouraged, though he was profoundly disappointed. He still cherished the hope that his party, in full possession of the Legislature and Executive, would so frame the modifications of the tariff as to form a working basis for extended reciprocity of trade with our neighbors on the north and on the south. In this he was doomed to be completely foiled. Against his most earnest personal protests, and despite the utmost influence that he and all the more liberal and far-seeing Republican leaders could exert, the MCKINLEY tariff bill was enacted. Its chief aims were to reduce the revenue, mainly by the repeal of the tax on raw sugar, and incidentally by duties practically prohibitory on considerable imports, and to extend "protection" of an extreme character to every interest commercially or politically powerful enough to compel respect. The increased duties on wool and woollens, on pottery and glass, on certain important metals and their products, on tin-plate (really intended for the manufacturers of iron plates), and on farm products from Canada, were the essential and characteristic provisions of this law. The only show of consideration for Mr. BLAINE's idea lay in what were called the "reciprocity clauses." They were in reality but the authorization of conditional retaliation to secure concessions from certain South American states furnishing, and able to furnish, only a very limited market. Mr. BLAINE, with the adaptability of the politician, apparently accepted the situation, which he knew to be a most unfortunate one. His position was not without its comic side, for it led to a ludicrous dispute between his admirers and Mr. HARRISON as to who was the author of the misbegotten creation now passing by the name of reciprocity.

But though Mr. BLAINE failed to carry out his particular plan to meet the desire and need of the country and of a large part of the Republican party for a policy of freer trade, the forces that created the movement he sought to direct have not died out. They cannot. They are inherent in the evolution of the American people. With the growth of our population, the development of our vast and varied resources, the marvellous force, range, and intensity of American ingenuity and enterprise and capacity for industry and commerce, the production of the country steadily tends to outstrip even our great power of consumption. The tariff question has ceased to be one of protection to infant industries, because our industries are no longer infants. They are in the full vigor of young manhood, and they find even their spacious home too small for them. They look out into the world, and feel ready for its strife and eager for its prizes. It will not be long before the barriers that confine them will be removed. Under all the confusion of partisan conflict, this is the significant, decisive fact. It may not determine the elections of this year, though it now looks as if it would. But soon or late, and more likely soon than late, American industries will demand the emancipation of trade, and will compel it.

WHAT ANTI-OPTION MEANS.

THE anti-option bill is a measure intended to prevent gambling in certain articles of food. The theory is that the United States government may, through its taxing power, prevent speculators from going through the form of buying and selling wheat or corn or bacon when the seller does not own the article dealt in, and the buyer does not expect its delivery. The incentive of those who prepared the bill is the angry protest of the farmer against the fortunes made from his products in transactions in which he has no pecuniary interest.

The bill recognizes two kinds of dealing that are objectionable, and that ought to be suppressed. These are dealing in "options" and dealing in "futures." The articles of commerce contemplated by the bill are raw cotton, hops, wheat, corn, oats, rye, barley, pork, lard, and bacon. An "option" is defined to be an agreement whereby a person acquires the right to deliver to another any of the articles mentioned at some time in the future, designated or not, but is not obliged to make the delivery. "Options" are doubtless opportunities for gambling, although they may cover real transactions. For example, a man without capital, who would hesitate about buying a cargo of wheat unless he was sure of an immediate market for it, may be willing to buy an "option" to deliver a cargo to one who really wants to ship the grain provided the price will make him a profit.

A "future" is defined to be an agreement whereby a person agrees to sell and deliver any of the articles named in the bill, when he does not own the article and is not entitled to the future possession of it. In other words, the bill, if passed, would tax any transaction whatever, optional or otherwise, in the articles embraced within its provisions, and the tax would be of such a character as to prohibit the transaction. At least that is its intention. The great evil of speculation in grain and food is the making of "corners." Such enterprises may possibly be made more difficult by the bill, but they are not prevented, for the farmer is permitted by it to make contracts for the future delivery of crops that are gathered, or are growing on his own land, while, as has been already seen, the purchaser of growing crops can in turn sell that to which he has the right of future possession. The tendency of "corners" is, of course, to increase the price of bread, and the farmer complains that his wheat is forced up by speculators, and that he receives no benefit from the advance.

Future contracts for the delivery of food, forage, and seed to the farmer or planter are excepted from the operations of the act. This is intended to leave untouched the system, prevailing especially in the Southern States, under which the local merchant advances the necessaries of life and of cultivation to the small planter, taking in return a lien on his growing crop. Future dealings in provisions with retail dealers, or with private persons in articles intended for consumption, are also excepted.

The method for preventing dealing in "options" and "futures" is through the taxing power, although Senator George, in behalf of the minority of the Judiciary Committee, has offered an amendment declaring such agreements obstructive to commerce between the States and with foreign countries, and consequently a misdemeanor. The bill that is discussed, however, provides that dealers in "futures" and "options" shall pay a license fee of $1000, and a tax of five cents on every pound of cotton, hops, pork, lard, or bacon, and of twenty cents on every bushel of cereals, dealt in.

The taxing power of the United States has been invoked before for the purpose of destroying the business enterprises that interfered with the rights and functions of the general government, notably in the case of the State banks. But it has never before been used to effect a moral purpose or to supersede the police functions of the States. The attempt to exterminate any phase of the vice of gambling by Federal taxation is certainly an interesting departure in both economics and ethics.

NEW YORK'S CHARITY.

The city of New York is very good to its poor, and the poor realize it when there come upon the town such discomfort and distress as the hot wave of a fortnight ago brought to it.

How many charitable activities were in operation for good during those sweltering and death-dealing days! How many of the well-to-do have stopped to count them? There were the busy public charities, the free hospitals and the free ambulance service, catching up quickly the victims of the sun's rays, and saving lives by the most approved scientific treatment—treatment as skilful and conscientious as wealth could buy for itself.

There was the "Fresh-air Fund" of the *Tribune* and *Life*, providing a reviving outing for the children otherwise doomed to spend exhausting days and more exhausting nights in the close tenement-house districts of the city.

The St. John's Guild, whose pious work was described in a recent issue of the Weekly, carried the sick up and down the neighboring waters in its clean and pleasant floating hospitals.

The *Evening World's* "Sick-baby Fund" provided skilled physicians for those who had no money to pay for medical attendance on their suffering infants, and, in addition, carried hundreds of children into the country for a day in the groves and under the trees and within sight of the laughing and health-giving waves.

The *Herald* gave free ice to thousands of parched throats suffering for a cooling draught that the poor could not purchase. And besides these special provisions for relief, there were unnumbered quiet people doing their utmost, at great sacrifice sometimes, always with much discomfort, for the mitigation of human suffering.

Who shall say that New York is not mindful of the poor who are always with us? If it were possible to chronicle the days that are devoted to charity by the fashionable women of this city alone, the record would startle those who do not see beyond the surface. There are thousands of our fellow-citizens, many of whom seem to be passing idle lives, who never permit the sun to sink upon a day on which they have not done something for the relief of the needy.

The public charities, of which mention is made in the daily and weekly press, not only mitigate suffering, but save the lives of many whose very existence but for them would be destroyed by the advent of such weather as that from which this city has suffered. And all these are but a part of the noble work which is done from one year's end to the other.

A REMARKABLE BOOK.

It is not often that a book appears which so profoundly disturbs current historical beliefs as Mr. Douglas Campbell's *The Puritan in Holland, England, and America*, lately published by the Harpers. We are pretty well used to seeing new views of historical characters, and such exercises of ingenuity as Mr. Froude's rehabilitation of Henry the Eighth and Mr. Justin Winsor's disparagement of Columbus are quite in the line of modern historians. The peculiarity of Mr. Campbell's book is that he undertakes to show that the American people of to-day are laboring under a delusion about the origin of some of their most important institutions and of some of the most fruitful of their inherited beliefs. The facts that the language of this country is English and that the literature known to the great majority of its inhabitants is English have induced them to accept without examination the assertion, or rather the assumption, that its institutions, modes of thinking, and modes of living are also English in origin, and remain English so far as they have not been modified by exclusively American innovations.

This is the assumption that Mr. Campbell undertakes to combat. He has prepared himself for this bold enterprise by wide and careful research, and has entered upon it with a confidence that is inspiring to witness, when it is the result of thorough equipment and of matured conviction. It is the neglected part that Holland played in the evolution of modern America, and in the evolution of modern England as well, that he sets himself to rescue from neglect. Americans of Dutch descent will be especially gratified by his vindication of their ancestors as in very great part the intellectual and political founders of the American republic. But it will be impossible for any dispassionate and competent student of history to deny that in great part he makes out his case, and that he has rendered a very solid service to the cause of historical inquiry by dislodging the stock notions that have prevented his predecessors even from seeking an explanation of the manifest differences between the civilization of England and the civilization of America, even during the colonial period, and before America could be deemed to have evolved a civilization for itself.

Mr. Campbell arrays the evidence of these differences so strongly that his readers must often wonder that they should not have noted them for themselves. He goes further, and shows that Puritanism in England was by no means to the degree that is generally supposed an indigenous development, but owed very much to the influence of Holland. That influence is commonly supposed to have spent itself in this country upon the Dutch colonies; but Mr. Campbell cites many instances to prove that New England is almost as deeply indebted to it as the New Netherlands, and that the Pilgrim fathers derived from their sojourn in Holland an impression of a civilization in many points superior to that of their native island, and that the civilization they planted in New England was Dutch as well as English. By its nature such a book must excite controversy, and it is possible that the author's pictures may be shown to be at some points overcharged, and his deductions in some cases wider than the facts warrant. But it is beyond question that he has produced a work with which American historians must hereafter reckon, and which students of American history cannot afford to neglect.

THE TRICK OF AVERAGES.

The quadrennial season of tariff discussion has begun, and from now until the early days of November the newspapers and the hustings will be embellished and resonant with percentages, numerals, decimal points, and averages.

The conscientious American will diligently try to comprehend the tables and arguments that are addressed to his eye and ear, and perhaps he may succeed in this better than some of those who appeal to him. Against one thing, however, he should be prepared to defend himself. If there is anything in statistics more blighting, more delusive, more inimical to a clear understanding, and more preventive of honest conclusions than another, it is that tricksy sprite Average.

When an orator begins to discourse upon averages, honest men should shun him. He is simply attempting deception, wittingly or unwittingly. For example, he tells his audience of a mill in which there are employed 4500 persons, the average yearly earnings being $600 each. In that mill there will be one man earning $50,000, five earning $5000 each, 100 earning $750 each, 1000 earning $600, and 3000 earning $300 each.

There is not much truth told by that kind of an average, but the subtlety of the averagemonger is still better illustrated in tables of domestic economy. The orator desires to show that the cost of food is less than it was, so he works out an average for the last twelve months. He makes a table for himself, which we will illustrate. He represents the prices at the beginning of the period by 100. The additions show the percentage of rise in price; the subtractions, the decrease. He is cunning in composing his table, but its details are not for the public. The people who listen to him must be contented with his result. Here is his method:

Meat	100.75
Bread	130.00
Pepper	73.00
Mustard	60.00
Eggs	98.00
Butter	98.50
Ice-cream	53.00
Average	87.60

"Under the benign influences of this law [or this administration, as the case may be]," asserts the orator, "the cost of living has gone down in this fair land of ours 12.40 per cent."

And the conscientious American citizen, listening to the delusive song of averages, wonders why it is that the truthful figures of the oratorical economist tell him one thing, while his butcher's and baker's bills tell him quite another. If he could see the method by which the average is obtained, he would realize how figures may be made to lie.

This illustration is doubtless sufficient. It is unnecessary to show how the average cost of living is sometimes determined by including hammers and tongs and patent medicines in the table as if they were of the same value as food and clothes.

If the American citizen wants to vote intelligently on the tariff question, he must not permit himself to be deceived by averages.

THE CULTURKAMPF.

This word, that has puzzled some and startled others, in the papers recently, is really but an instance of the journalistic taste for picturesque terms. As a matter of fact, there is no *culturkampf* in this country, and will be none. What is called that is a mild dispute that has broken out among the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church over a plan to adjust the educational plans of the Church to the invincible resolution of the great body of the American people not to permit sectarian teaching in the public schools. Of course to faithful Catholics, their Church is the only one. All others are sects, more or less heretical. But in the eyes of the law, as embodied in the Constitution of many of the States, Catholics are a Christian sect like others, with no greater claim to a share in the direction or the funds of the public schools. In justice to each sect, all are excluded.

Some years ago there was a strong, probably a dominant, feeling in the Catholic clergy that this exclusion could be abolished, and some effort was made to that end. It failed; and now great churchmen like Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland are openly advocating a compromise, which, like most compromises, fully suits no one. As nearly as the public is allowed to know, Archbishop Corrigan is opposing this compromise from the side of the extreme Catholics, and at some apparent risk of running counter to the code of the Pope himself. This, however, he denies. But the whole matter is one of more concern to the Catholic clergy than to any one else. It is the peculiarity of the Catholic Church, in which the interpretation of God's will passes from one generation to another, that it can yield to the inevitable without surrender; and in this country, as to the public schools, it is facing the inevitable.

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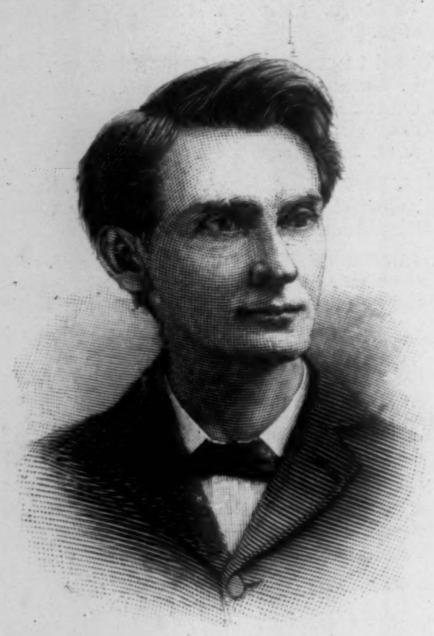
MR. WATSON'S GRAVE CHARGES.

MR. THOMAS E. WATSON, Farmers' Alliance Representative from Georgia, has come to the fore. That is, he has been quite prominent of late, but has retired from his first position. Mr. Watson wrote a book, a foolishness that many men have had occasion to regret, and called his book, *Not a Revolt: It is a Revolution.* This book was not printed in the *Congressional Record,* because Congress would never have allowed it. It was printed by Mr. Watson simply and solely as a campaign document—"for political purposes," as he himself says. The lurid title is suggestive of a sensational novel, and Mr. Watson, standing in the position of a member of the House of Representatives, courted notoriety. It is not stated how much of a sensation Mr. Watson hoped to make with this work, but it is safe to say that the result is far beyond his wildest expectation. The book was not advertised very extensively, and few persons heard of it until Mr. Wheeler, of Alabama, on July 29th, chanced to quote the following paragraph from it while in discussion with Mr. Watson:

> "Drunken members have reeled about the aisles to the disgrace of the Republic. Drunken speakers have debated grave issues on the floor, and in the midst of maudlin ramblings have been heard to ask: 'Mr. Speaker, where was I at?'"

When Mr. Wheeler finished his quotation, an eruption immediately took place. Mr. Watson endeavored to defend his statement by claiming that it was true, which remark added to the general confusion. A large majority of the members of the House disagreed emphatically with Mr. Watson, and did not hesitate to proclaim aloud their feelings in the matter. The Speaker did his best to preserve order, but the pounding of the gavel only added to the noise. Finally the uproar subsided, and Mr. Boatner, of Louisiana, presented a resolution calling for a committee to investigate the charges, and to recommend what should be done with Mr. Watson in case his charges should be proved to be untrue. The resolution was adopted unanimously, and the Speaker named the committee as follows: Messrs. Wolverton of Pennsylvania, Buchanan of Virginia, Jerry Simpson of Kansas, and Grout of Vermont, with Mr. Boatner, the author of the resolution, as chairman.



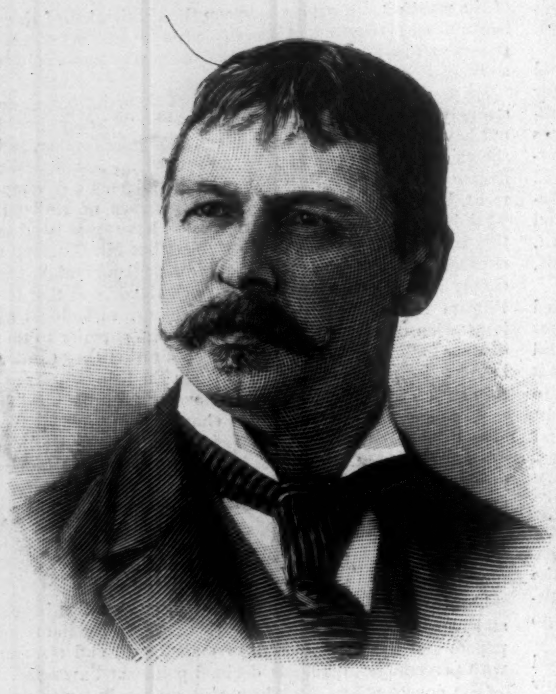
THE HON. THOMAS E. WATSON, OF GEORGIA.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL, WASHINGTON.

The committee met that evening to decide upon its line of action. Many people treated the matter lightly, not believing that the investigation would be pushed, as Mr. Watson claimed to be able to prove his statements. Mr. Watson did a great deal of talking, and seemed to appreciate the stir he had made. The following day added to the excitement, and Mr. Watson was liberally interviewed, and talked just as hard as ever, though he did not seem to enjoy the cyclone he had raised. The committee had some very lively sessions, Mr. Simpson defending Mr. Watson. People next wanted names of the men referred to, and blamed Mr. Watson for not giving them to substantiate his charges, while some gentlemen in the House remarked that if Mr. Watson should happen to mention any names, and theirs should be among them, there would be trouble ahead for Mr. Watson.

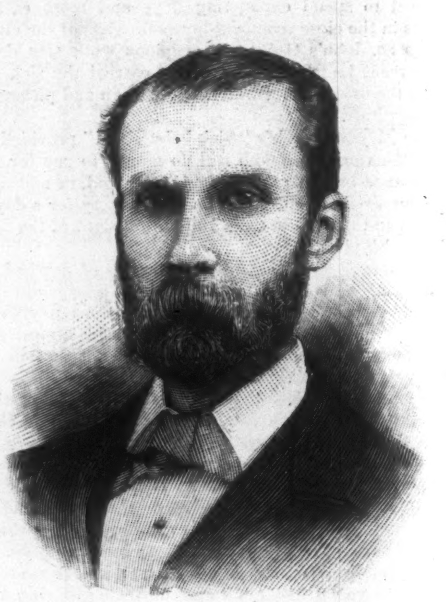
At length it was discovered that the author of the famous sentence, "Mr. Speaker, where was I at?" was none other than Judge J. E. Cobb, of Alabama. Mr. Watson admitted this when questioned during a meeting of the committee by Mr. Cobb himself. This speech was made during the discussion of the Noyes-Rockwell case, at which time Mr. Cobb drank several times from a teacup on his desk. Previous to this admission of Mr. Watson that Mr. Cobb was the speaker referred to, no names were mentioned during the investigations of the committee, and a number of witnesses were examined as to whether or not they had seen members of the House on the floor while in a state of intoxication.

After Mr. Cobb's name had been brought in, the investigation bore upon Mr. Cobb's condition at the time of making his historic remark. Some men claimed that the grammatical slip was due to the frequent interruptions that bothered and excited the speaker. Mr. Watson appeared to think that the use of the preposition was due to the teacup, which had been frequently replenished. But most of the witnesses examined in regard to Mr. Cobb's state on that occasion testified positively to that gentleman's sobriety. More than twoscore of the members competent to speak on the subject asserted that Mr. Cobb was never more sober in his life than he was at that time. Mr. Watson and a few of his political friends testified to their belief in Mr. Cobb's drunkenness, but they modified the answers on second thought, and Mr. Watson at the final examination gave it as his opinion that it was difficult for men to agree as to whether another man was drunk or not. Mr. Cobb made a statement to the committee that during the speech he had asked for beef tea, and drank it. From time to time the beef tea was replenished, and once some whiskey was brought unasked for, which he drank, but the little he took did not disturb him in the least. During the last meeting of the committee Mr. Watson and Chairman Boatner had quite a little discussion. Mr. Watson testified that he wrote his book solely for campaign and political purposes, and never intended that it should apply to the members of the House; he meant to arraign the body, but not the individual members of it. This was regarded as a complete back-down for the young gentleman from Georgia, who had vowed that he would stand by all he said in his book in the face of all opposition. Then came the disturbance, when Mr. Watson cast some reflection upon the chairman about acting rather as prosecutor than as sitting in a judicial capacity. Mr. Boatner said that he didn't catch the drift of his remark, and Mr. Watson said that he didn't think that Mr. Boatner wanted to or would; whereupon Mr. Boatner said he was responsible for anything he said, and hoped that Mr. Watson knew his address. This was not answered.

Then the investigation closed. Before Mr. Boatner finished the majority report, the Hon. Jerry Simpson, representing the minority, presented his view of the case to the House on August 3d. Mr. Simpson upholds Mr. Watson. The report of the large majority finds that the Georgian Representative failed to sustain his charges, and criticises him sharply. He will receive no censure from the House, however, because the charges were not made on the floor, and although nearly every one condemns his methods, the Representatives do not intend to allow him to pose as a martyr to his cause.



THE HON. WATSON R. SPERRY, MINISTER TO PERSIA.
[SEE PAGE 789.]



A. BARTON HEPBURN, COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY.
[SEE PAGE 775.]

MILITARY PUNISHMENT AND LEGAL PROCEDURE.

THOMAS IAMS, ex-private, K Company, Tenth Regiment, National Guard, State of Pennsylvania, has lodged a complaint before a justice of the peace against Colonel Hawkins, Lieutenant-Colonel Streator, and Assistant Surgeon William Simpson Grim, for which persons warrants have been issued, Colonels Hawkins and Streator and Dr. Grim are charged in one complaint with aggravated assault and battery on July 23d, and in another complaint the first two officers are charged with assault and battery on July 24th. Lieutenant Colonel Streator gave himself up to a constable who came to arrest him, and, waiving a preliminary hearing, was released on bail fixed at $500. The other officers being in camp, were exempt from arrest; but they notified the justice that they would surrender at the first opportunity. It is believed that the accused will be tried at the September term of court in Pittsburg.

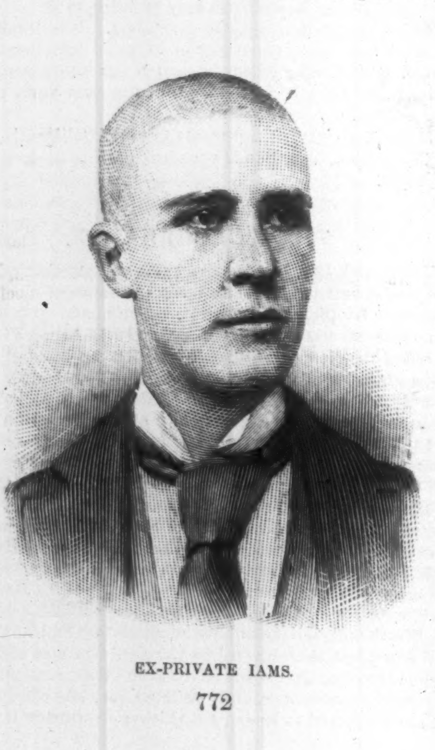
As one of the State troops, Iams accompanied his regiment to Homestead in response to the Governor's call. Iams, while doing guard duty, fell asleep at his post. For this offence he was made to drill with a log, although a severer penalty might have been visited upon him. When the news reached Homestead on Saturday afternoon, July 23d, of the attempted assassination of Mr. Frick, Iams, after a moment's consideration, suggested that his fellow-soldiers join him in giving three cheers for the would-be murderer. Lieutenant-Colonel Streator overheard this remark, and going up to Iams, asked him if he understood what he had said. Iams said that he did, and added that he was glad of it.

Lieutenant-Colonel Streator was in temporary command of the regiment at that time, as the regular colonel, Hawkins, had charge of the brigade. Colonel Streator retired for a while, and in a short time the regiment was ordered to assemble without arms. When the ranks were formed, the captain of each company, in obedience to the order of the colonel, demanded that the man who suggested three cheers for Mr. Frick's assailant should step forward. When K Company was reached, there was no response. Colonel Streator remarked that he knew the man, and that it would be well for him to come forward. Iams thereupon obeyed the summons. Iams was questioned as to his guilt in making the remark quoted, and he admitted that he was guilty.

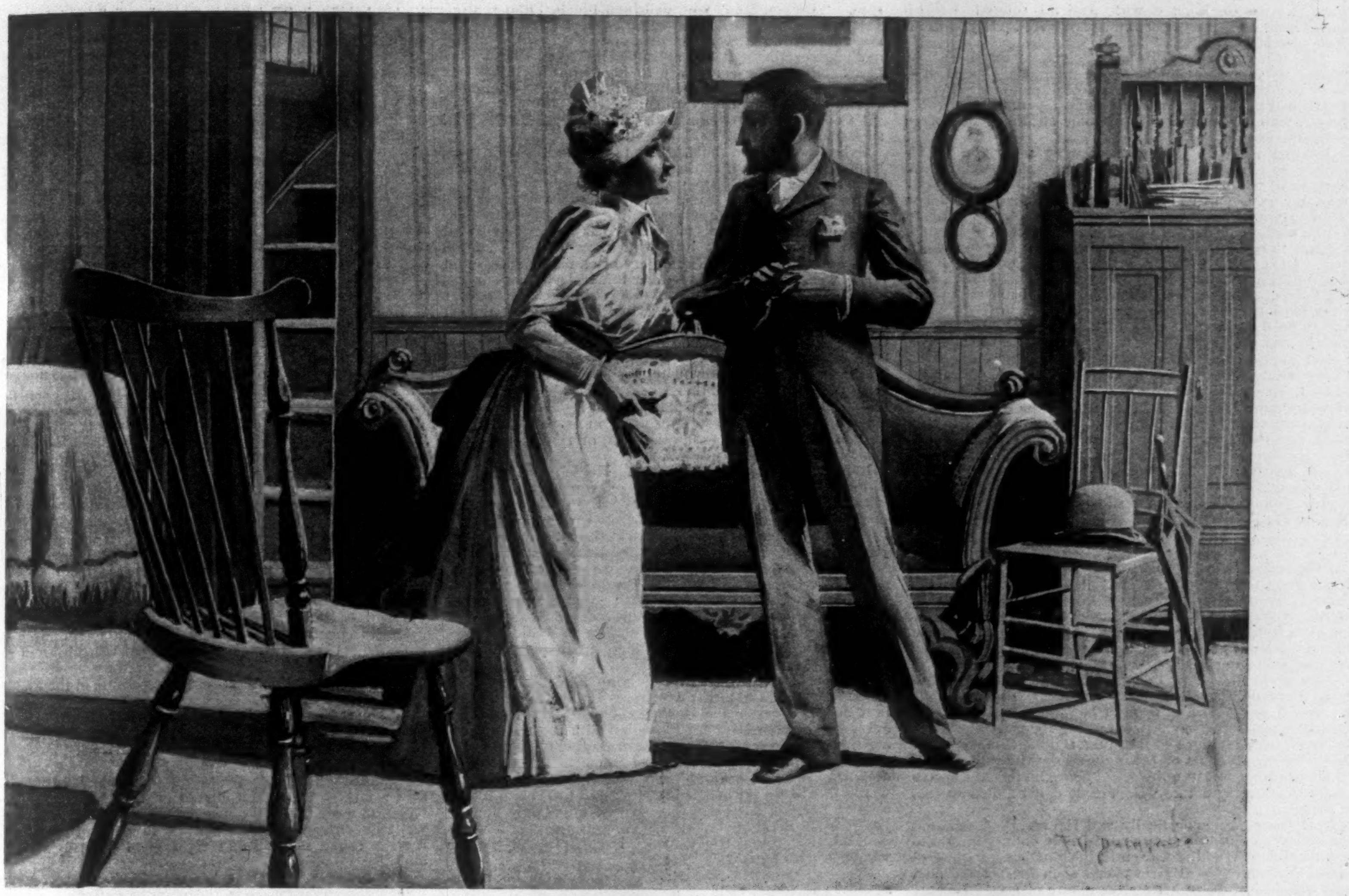
After this acknowledgment the buttons were cut from Iams's uniform. Then Colonel Streator ordered him removed to the guard tent and to be strung up by his thumbs, and to remain in such position until the surgeons, who were to attend him, should pronounce it dangerous to continue the punishment. With the tips of his toes resting upon the ground, Iams hung by his thumbs for nineteen minutes, when the surgeons at his pulse ordered him to be taken down. After this Iams lay in the guard-tent all night. A report was made of the case to General Snowden, who reviewed the matter, and then ordered that Iams should be discharged from the service in disgrace and drummed out of camp. General Snowden, according to later accounts, had no occasion to express officially his view of the punishment Iams received. Lieutenant-Colonel Streator and Colonel Hawkins were both invested with entire power to act in the matter. With General Snowden rested the authority to dismiss the enlisted man.

On Sunday morning, at 9.30, the whole brigade was assembled, and Iams brought before the men. According to further orders one-half of his head was shaved, and he was attired in a shirt and overalls in place of his uniform. Colonel Hawkins rode up to the disgraced man and ordered him not to appear in camp again. A file of men in charge of a corporal were ordered to lead him to the borders of the camp. They were followed by the drum corps playing the "Rogue's March." Behind this procession, to the dismal sounds of the drums, came the Tenth Regiment.. When the men reached the limits of the camp, Iams was marched forth, and jumping on a passing freight train, was lost to view.

In the warrants issued for the arrest of the officers, the hanging of Iams by the thumbs constitutes the aggravated assault and battery, and the shaving of the head is simple assault. Much comment has been aroused by the summary punishment visited upon Iams, and the opinions are conflicting. The English press are surprised and indignant. The *St. James Gazette* says that Iams deserved shooting—not torture. The *Star* inquired whether such cruelty was approved at Washington, ignoring the rights of Pennsylvania's Executive to look into the matter. General Benjamin F. Butler delivered himself of a lengthy opinion both as an army man and a lawyer, not referring to the fact that Colonel Streator is also a member of the bar, and probably familiar with the code of Pennsylvania.



EX-PRIVATE IAMS.



AN EARTHLY PARAGON.

By EVA WILDER McGLASSON, Author of “Diana's Livery.”

XXVI.

THERE was no purpose in Bylands's mind. He hardly knew what he meant to say or do. It had never been in his books to carry out his threats against Sylvia. In a sober moment that which he defined to himself as his honor would have prevailed with him. But the fever of destruction, of wreaking his misery of resentment upon some happy, healthy part of the world, impelled him past reason at mere sight of Sylvia's favored lover.

Delosier stopped with an air of attention.

“When are you going to leave here?” inquired Delk, heavily, his head giving little rolls of emphasis, too weak for jerks. “I'm about sick of this.”

Delosier, giving him a look, made as if to pass.

“No, you don't,” laughed Bylands, twitching the Southerner's sleeve. “I've got a word or two to say. You ought to know a little something about the woman you're going to marry. She hasn't told you she promised to marry *me*, has she? She promised— Let's see, how was it? Ah, yes. It was about Rosetta. After I had got out of that, Sylvia was going to marry me. Rosetta died, you see. It was Sylvia's doings.” He paused on a breath.

Delosier had drawn away with a shut fist, his breast laboring. Then his arm fell.

“You are drunk,” he said. “Get out of my way.”

His look was of an anger so deep that it swayed Bylands as if it directed the operations of a mechanism. He had a dumb sense of wonder as he stood aside.

Delosier strode on.

It chanced to be the last day but one of the Louisianian's visit, and Sylvia had promised to show him a certain cave some way down Knob Lick. There was scarcely another place anywhere about which they had not explored together, and though the cave in question was not much of a cave, being merely a rocky hole in the hill-side, Delosier had expressed the liveliest interest in seeing it. He had gone down to the post-office while Sylvia went to get her hat.

As she put it on, she glanced from her window over the pasture opposite, in which cows were moving slowly. The foliage of the west knobs seemed nearly flat, so shadowless it lay in the sunshine. The road below was of a sultry yellow. In the Hines girls' yard hens were cackling, and at the back hall door Mrs. Lichens was bargaining with a man who had eggs to sell. These signs of life scarcely reached Sylvia. She was in a world of soft unrealities; but as she dreamed, her face now and then shadowed as if these visionary musings had their sharpnesses.

“It is odd!” she speculated. “I feel as if I were walking in rose paths with him at one side, and at the other, hidden in the bushes, a crouching dog which waits to spring at me. It isn't pleasant to have to keep an eye out for the furtive brute. Even the smell of the roses doesn't altogether compensate for one's nervousness. And yet if one's happiness must be paid for with anxiety, better so than to have no happiness at all.”

She began to wonder at Delosier's delay, and leaning over the sill, looked down the road. Delosier was crossing the side street where the railway ran, and as Sylvia watched him, she became aware that another man had approached him, and that he was stopping. And then her heart sank, for she saw that the second man was Bylands.

She had hoped Delk would think better of carrying his word into effect, but there they stood in speech, those two men who could by no chance have any common subjects to engage them.

She saw Delosier make an effort to pass, and stop again as if at some appeal.

All at once she knew beyond any doubt that Bylands was verifying his menace, that he was telling all he could tell of her, much or little. She saw the Louisianian draw back with a doubled arm. She saw his hand drop in a gesture as if he swept something from his path, and then, as she looked, he came on toward the house.

Sylvia sank back, catching at a chair which stood near. It was over. Her faculties, released from the strain, seemed wholly inert. For a moment this sense of dulness lasted, and then, as if her mind had got a new strength from the passing lethargy, a strange keenness appeared to sharpen her perceptions.

There was a curious twill in the texture of her gown, and in her hands some odd little creases she had never before noticed developed themselves.

“In a minute he will be here,” she thought, her words arranging themselves in sets. “He won't ask me anything. He will only look at me. His look will be a look of such faith that I shall tell him. I shall tell him the truth. I shall take my heart out, and show him the linked, flat-headed thing it has been hiding. It wouldn't seem much to most men. To him it will seem—it will seem—” She looked wildly around. “And when I have told him, he will go. He will shake my face out of his heart as he will shake my hand out of his palm when I try to say good-by. Good-by—oh—”

She struggled up blindly, striking against the toilet things on a table hard by. They clashed, and her hand-mirror, slipping over the edge, sparkled into a hundred atoms on the floor.

“Broken,” muttered Sylvia—“broken—all broken.” She dragged her heel in the splintered glass. “To lose him! O God, to lose him! To try to live after life is gone! Oh, my beloved! how can I—how—”

Suddenly she lifted her head, her figure heightening as if to some marvel of renunciation. There was purpose in her eyes, and catching Delosier's step in the porch below, she crossed the room steadily, and went down stairs.

Delosier, opening the office door, saw her coming toward him; but though she had a strange look, he was not aware of it, for his own face showed a troubled mind, and at sight of her he gave a short, excited laugh.

“Sylvia,” he said, “I am too put out to speak coherently. That fellow—that Bylands just stopped me out here. He dared to mention you, Sylvia—to say you promised to marry him; to intimate that that poor child's death—Rosetta Valley's—was because— Sylvia!”

A peculiar iciness crept over him. What fatal corroboration of Bylands's charge could he read in those whitening lips and starting eyes, in which the pupils waxed big and waned to points, as if answering to swift brain pulsations? In the passage of an instant the woman before him seemed as if become weird and elfish; as if the spell he had been under was lifted, and he saw her with natural sight, her borrowed grace slipping from her like a garment. Her heart was a net and a snare. Those little cool fingers were bands which close with death. In the insight of the instant the creature he had loved appeared as if crumbling to ashes, her flawless white disintegrating at the crossed-fingers of truth, only a film of dust marking the lines of the shape which had lived upon his soul. And then, suddenly enough, the vision was gone, like a mist through which the sun breaks.

Sylvia had touched his arm, her little soft laugh was in his ears. At the horror in his face her eyes had lost their look of purpose, reflecting for a moment his own expression. They had grown lifeless of look, and then a quick brightness flashed in them.

“Poor fellow!” she said, gently—“poor fellow! It is really very pitiful about him. I shall have to speak to my uncle. I hate to think of it. Somehow it seems cruel to draw attention to him. He has annoyed me a good deal with his ravings of affection, but I can't help being a little sorry for him.”

“Sylvia,” said Delosier, passionately, “just for a moment I—Sylvia, forgive me!—I—”

“Were you so angry with him?” she asked, looking at him with large innocent eyes. “A poor undisciplined creature like that? I do not like even to speak of him; but it has been very painful to me, all this, and even humiliating. I don't know how it came about. He was here a good deal, and I think I treated him as I do every one, though he was often so tiresome. When he began to push his regard upon me—betrothed as he was to that poor, pretty child who died—I hardly knew what to do. Coldness doesn't reach such people as he. I was about to tell my uncle, when I think he saw how things were, for he sent Delk away. That was just before I—met you.”

“And that look you had, Sylvia—that look of sadness and weariness—I understand it now. Poor little love! to have been flung in contact with such clay!”

Sylvia smiled mournfully. “I have walked in thorny ways," she said. "Remember this when you find rents in my fine lawns."

"Oh!" he said, deeply, "to think that I should have been in the world, and not have known when you needed my hand to break the briers down! And this fellow! I feel it in my heart to be sorry for him, dear. He loves you in his sort. He is to be pitied."

"He will live through it," said Sylvia. "But I wish he would go away. There is no escaping his gloom. The other day he came upon me in the office, and before I could go he had gone over the whole thing again. I felt like a person who is having a dose of some sickening oil forced down the throat."

Delosier looked at her with growing resolution in his gray eyes. "Sylvia," he said, holding her hands, "you have dealt too gently with this fellow. But that is your way, my gentle little love. You would give a kind last word to your headsman. It is well that you are going to have a sordid commercial person like me to square accounts for you, to make the world render value for all your sweetness. I am going to begin at once. I am going to put a stop to these annoyances. I am going to take you away. No, Sylvia. Don't say anything, dearest. I must take you away from these miserable surroundings—a little for your sake, a good deal more for my own. To-day I shall see the captain, and get him to agree to my plans. And to-morrow I shall go South and make arrangements to leave things for a long while. And then, Sylvia, we will see what it is like really to live. We will go wherever that wild sweet fancy of yours points the way. I want to see the earth through your eyes; mine have hitherto seen land as a good investment, and rivers valuable in a navigable sense. Darling, take me into your world of faery." In a moment he had added, lightly: "You don't know how you have changed me, you little gossamery thing, you—'half angel and half bird.' You didn't know I could quote poetry, did you? Neither did I; but I can."

XXVII.

Delk, seeing Delosier go off the next day with his valises, had a great emotion of surprise, followed by one of gratification. From the Southerner's manner he had thought his words struck stone. Delosier's look of contempt had smitten even Bylands's dazed perceptions to a sense of shame at his own debasement. He had grovelled to no purpose, and the dust still stung his lips.

Now at the other man's departure a wild hope surged in him. Perhaps, after all, his disclosure had worked the effect he wished, and Sylvia's dream of happiness was shattered. Bylands made rapid inquest concerning the matter. When he found that Delosier had taken the train at Clingsville for New Orleans, and that on being questioned by some one as to his probable return quite soon, he had laughed "sortah ork'ard," affirming nothing, Delk came under a distinct conviction.

If Delosier was gone finally and forever, Delk felt that the complexion of things was much more endurable, not to say hopeful. He did not, even in imagination, go quite so far as to surmise that Sylvia would soon forgive the man who had dashed down her airy structure of love. But he, Bylands, would so humble himself for her forgiveness that she could not long withhold it; and once admitted again to a basis of the most moderate friendship, certain odds were in his favor.

Against the nullity of Chamouni life Delk felt he must make something of a figure. She might, indeed, have come to see that it was not a very heroic figure, but since there was so little else to win attention, it was not impossible that everything might go well in the end.

Ideas of this sanguine color acted on Delk's mind more powerfully than the sedatives to which he at once resorted. As he grew something of himself, he remembered his last talk with Sylvia, and bitterly regretted having fallen to so coarse a show of temper. He longed for a chance to exonerate his bearing upon that occasion, but it seemed as if Sylvia never left the house, and he dared not visit her, feeling sure she would not see him.

One evening just after dark, lounging about the business corner of town, he thought he saw the gleam of a woman's gown on the Lichens House porch. It was moonlight, and the shadows of the May-time trees checkered the bleached road in a tremulous design. A whippoorwill was trying a few gurgling notes in the distance. Below the station platform a small group of darkies were sitting at a game of dice. Some one was keeping up a hissing sound, and Bylands could see the rhythmic motion of a black hand as it swayed back and forth, the fingers snapping over the bits of ivory. Further down the street a girl's laugh rang shrill.

Bylands, with his eye on that pale spot under Mrs. Lichens's scant porch vines, crossed the road and loitered nearer, keeping as much as might be in the shadows till he was close enough to see clearly. It was Sylvia, and she was quite alone, sitting back in the captain's big chair, her head at ease. She wore something white and thin and long, which seemed to go about her like a mist. Her hands, lying open in her lap, had a look of passing into the filmy texture as insensibly as if they were melting. A dreaming quietude transfused her face. She seemed a thing called into being by the moonlight, altogether illusory, until Bylands crossed the road and she recognized him, and then the cold fall of her eyelids was singularly humanizing in its effect.

"Sylvia," Bylands broke out, very humbly, "I've come to ask you to forgive me. I don't know why I spoke as I did the other day. I was crazy."

"Why speak of it?" said Sylvia.

"You—you won't remember it, then?"

"I have other things to think of," she said, not unkindly.

He thought her voice sounded sad. For the instant he had forgotten Delosier and his going and Sylvia's probable melancholy.

"Oh," he cried, "I have done you an injury, haven't I? I never meant to blurt out everything to him. I was beside myself. He's gone, hasn't he, Sylvia? If I have spoiled your life—"

Sylvia uttered a small laugh. "Be easy," she said; "you haven't. Mr. Delosier will be back. Our marriage is to be very soon. I am sure you will care to know of anything so closely concerning me."

Was that a fan she had opened? Delk gazed on her dully. She began to move before her face something white and gauzy, and over it her eyes flickered with scorn and amusement and pity. This was all he had done, then? Simply she was to be married; perhaps, the sooner for his interference. He was no match for her, this slight white creature sitting there with mockery on her parted lips. The mud with which he had thought to dash her seemed to be upon his own skirts.

"So he forgave you?" he debated, stupidly. "He forgave you?"

Sylvia laid her fan in her lap. It looked as if the moon had cast it there, a faint mask of itself. "Forgive?" she said. "Do you fancy your deliriums touched him at all?"

Bylands stared at her through a haze of ideas. She was still turning the cards to her own ends, then; still doubling and equivocating. It had an impossible look. Would her blandishments serve actually to hoodwink high heaven? She herself, who seemed so alive to fine feelings—would she work this treason on her own spirit?

"Could you," he stammered, "be happy? No, Sylvia! such a marriage—no!"

Sylvia appeared to smile. "My poor friend," she insisted, leaning forward as if she spoke to a dull child, "you have been reading books. Do you really suppose that all marriages not startlingly tragic are ideal unions of innocence and bravery? that each is the ending, with a flowery footpiece, of some idyl in which villany has been worsted and virtue rewarded? How little you know of life! People who are not in the least exemplary often marry and get on pretty well. Weddings, like other things, have more or less insincerity in them. It's bound to be so. We keep the best foot forward during the wooing, and if the varnished shoe is too tight and hurts, not being anything like the shape of the real foot, we bear it with thinking we shall kick it off after the ceremony for the slipshod thing we wear in private." She picked at a little shadow on her loose sleeve where the vines dropped a print of themselves. "People are happy in marriage," she went on, so lightly that Bylands could not make out if she were jesting or not, "in proportion as they are too stupid to find each other out, or clever enough to keep up prenuptial illusions."

Bylands had no views to offer. He felt that she confounded his reason with a juggle of words. She did not stick squarely by what was good or bad, by what rewarded or punished, so that you might tell its quality by the way it paid you back. He was merely confused by her serenity. His moral notions were being foully dealt with; his neatly laid pile of seasoned ethics was tumbling; the safe, solid pile a crash of barley-sugar sticks. Was everything going to turn out for this woman as if she had wrought uprightness? Were the threads of her life coming out of fate's loom as soft and white as if she had done nothing to stain them?

"Something's wrong," he faltered. "It oughtn't to be this way!"

A certain rigor passed over Sylvia's face. "Must I remind you," she said, rather wearily, "that we are not people in a story? Heaven and earth don't really clash together every time a man has been too saucy with the gods. You are floundering in a quicksand of melodrama. I'm afraid the curtain won't fall at a critical moment; I'm afraid the catastrophe won't occur." She wetted her lips. "You would like to see my marriage dramatized by some startling event. Because I haven't always been inhumanly honest, you pine for the thunder-bolt. Well, well, the plague won't descend, the ground won't open. I shall probably not be whitened with leprosy."

Bylands gave her a long look. "You forget," he insinuated—"you forget *me*."

Behind her fan Sylvia's face exhibited the shade of a fear, but over the gauze cage her eyes surveyed him easily. "Ah! you want to play the *deus ex machina?*" she intimated, with an air of interest. "Which one of us, now, do you consider it would be most effective to do away with?" Her amused tone gave Bylands a sense of absurdity in his position. She was watching him with a strained glance, her breath held.

"I am not a fool," he said, angrily.

Sylvia seemed to sink back, breathing long. "No," she said; "you are too wise to be a cat's-paw for providential rebukes."

"Rebukes!" muttered Delk. "I don't know. It doesn't make much difference if a man's hands are clean or dirty."

"Yes," said Sylvia—"yes, it makes a difference. Only the hand that gets miry isn't always withered on the instant—that is all. But you had better keep your hands clean if you can." And then she asked, in rather a heavy voice: "Hadn't you better go? The dew must be falling. I believe I am—very cold. I shall have to say good-night."

She passed in-doors as soundlessly as if a moon ray had slipped over the threshhold. A flower smell seemed to linger where she had been.

Looking down, Delk saw two or three violets on the boards, their stems shredded as if nervous fingers had picked at them. He put the little purple things in his pocket as he wandered down the road.

XXVIII.

Early on the morning of Sylvia's wedding-day it rained a little in an uncertain fashion, which in an hour or so had only given the road a tinge of red and touched the short sward to a cooler green. The low lands looked chill and dim under the deep shadows of the bulging hills. Vague purples lurked in distant foliage, fading in milky amethyst far off where the utmost range of knobs fainted against the sky. The air was so thick that when a plump dark bird settled on a clothes-line in the Hines girls' yard, his support was indistinguishable, and he seemed to be bouncing in mid-air. The roofs of the village houses bent like dark brows among the trees, their dull walls looking bleached. One little dwelling of pale yellow rose like fumes of sulphur, its curling outline framed in leafage.

But the mist lifted with sunrise, and each grass-blade glittered in a crystal foil. The sky hung blue and feathery with indefinite wreaths of haze, and everything looked fresh and new.

There was great stirring in the Lichens House. The landlady, her apron-strings flying, rushed aimlessly about, whisking into the office, and making sure all was right in the parlor—a sacred apartment which had not been opened since the burial of Mr. Lichens, and which still held a furtive odor of saltpetre and varnish.

It was a little room, with a carpet so red, that after observing it for some time people commonly had an illusion that green clouds were pulsing before their dazed eyes. There was not much in it besides some Brussels carpet camp-stools and a table, on which Mrs. Lichens's choicest belongings were set forth. These consisted of a transparent sugar heart dashed with gold, a china lamb, several queer stones, a volume of the *Life of Clay*, a cup and saucer with a moss-rose design crawling over them, and a red plush album with fat sides.

These things Mrs. Lichens lingered over with a liking eye before she finally, with reluctance, opened a window to let in a little of the vagabond outer air.

The preacher had come. At the captain's express wish, it was the man who had read the last prayer over Rosetta Valley. He sat musing in the office, his legs crossed, one knee accurately squared against the blurring blue and green in the space of the open door.

The captain himself was in an excitable humor, and talked more than his wont, relating bits of his experiences in rather an unnatural tone, as if he were strenuously keeping his spirits up, and had got them pitched too high. Delosier, leaning against the old bar, looked with an abstracted smile across the shimmering pasture over the way.

A boy came in with a basket of ferns and violets. His bare feet showed the mud of the Knob side and river-bank. Delosier held the wicker thing up, its green fringes drooping.

"Will you take these to Sylvia, captain?" he asked.

"Will I?" said the captain. "Go 'long! You know you're dying to take 'em up yourself. Go on!"

Delosier laughed as he ran up the stairs. Mrs. Lichens, at his rap, showed her face in a crack of Sylvia's door. She squeezed out, closing it.

"I'll see she gits um," she advised him.

Delosier looked at his watch. "How long before she'll be ready?" he ventured.

Mrs. Lichens gave a groan. "Listen at him," she sighed. "It 'll be a good hour yet, so it will."

"An hour! Why, it's nearly ten now."

"I can't help that," declared Mrs. Lichens, putting her hands together. "God knows I cannot! Sylvia hain't so much ez got her hair done yet. She's took it down three several times. She's got herse'f ez narvous over it ez the chaff which the wind drivuf. I ben tellin' her she wouldn't 'a' ben so squirmy this mo'nin' ef she'd of took the handful o' quinine I fetched last night."

"Is she—"

"It's nothing. All brides is jest thet fussy and fixy. Lord, the day I married Lichens they worked with me a good two hour a-rubbin' me and feedin' me toddy before ever they could git to lace me! Seventeen inches around I was then. Vanity of vanities! I've lived to see the day when the strongest linin' you kin put in a gown-body busts apart on me. Well, you go down steers, Mr. Delosier, and wait the best way you kin."

The door shut after her.

Outside on the office porch a lot of village children had gathered, and an expectant air pervaded the throng of men about the freight-house. In the doors of cottages women stood talking, on the watch for the departure of the wedding party.

Shining to its boiler head the engine stood on the tracks, a blue-bloused man hanging from its window. Behind it the passenger coach showed a section of fresh pine in one side, a reminder of its last wreck.

"I heerd tell ez she wasn't goin' to be married in white," said a girl, stopping at the gate of the Duncan's cottage. "Jest a wool dress 'thout a smitch o' fixin' on it. Law, well! I'm this way: I'd be married in white ef I hed to pin a sheet round me! 'Tain't right good luck, dyark clo'es ain't."

Mrs. Duncan shook her head. "She's a sweet-favored little thing, cap'n's niece is. Always asts after my left lung ez perticaler. Thar's more'n the cap'n 'll miss her. Yes'm. I'll always misdoubt ez Delk Bylands hed his eye p'intedly sot her way. Yes, *ma'am*. Fer I know this: he ain't goin' to the weddin', and him kin and all. I got my notions. He ain't fit to go nowhar *this* mo'nin'." She exchanged a glance with the girl, nodding toward the drug shop.

Delosier was taking a turn in the lower hall when Sylvia appeared at the head of the stairs. She came down slowly, her face white, her eyes strangely big and bright. Delosier, looking up at her, felt as if his own countenance must be transfigured with the swelling of his heart. He took her hand without speaking.

The next half-hour seemed to him to pass like a dream; here vivid with some sharp detail, there lapsing into a vague consciousness of unreality. The preacher's long-drawn, gentle tones; the captain's face struggling for composure; Mrs. Lichens, hysterical in a parrot-green gown, Henry Dye supporting her—these were all definite. The fantasy, too fair to be altogether actual, was the woman beside him, calmer than he, her grave eyes down.

And then presently there was an outburst of good-will and leave-taking, and in some strange sort it was he who threw a handful of silver to the barefooted babies in the porch as he and Sylvia and the captain made their way out. It was he, again, who replied to the congratulations of the crowd at the station, and who finally found himself inside the coach, alone with Sylvia.

The captain had bolted into the freight-house, and Sylvia looked out to see what had so suddenly become of him. The tall knobs, green below, seemed to plunge through their leafy scabbards, glittering bald on the summits. A brightness of early flowers shone on the lower slopes. Even the lumber piles had a mild silvery lustre. Up the street Mrs. Lichens's green gown relieved a handkerchief waving in farewell. The roughly clad folk outside on the platform, men and women, regarded her with kindly faces.

There seemed to be a movement behind them; the throng was opening to let pass the bowed figure of a man, old Bob Valley, his white hair blowing wild about his sunk cheeks and stony eyes.

"Good-by. God bless you!" he muttered, standing under Sylvia's window. "Good-by! My girl, my Rosetty, ef she was here—" He turned away, his lips stretched in a soundless sob.

Sylvia stared lifelessly over his head.

In the road beyond a young man staggered along under the light shade of the maples, his dark face hidden in a slouching hat brim. He stumbled against a hitching-post, and, uncertainly recovering himself, dealt it a powerless blow, cursing.

The train was moving. A patter of rice struck the car panels, a few grains stinging Sylvia's cheek.

"How interested they are in you, dear! Wave your hand to them again," said Delosier.

A stiff sort of smile touched Sylvia's white lip as she obeyed. The coach rounded a little turn by the water-tank, and, still looking back, her eye caught the sudden gleam of a narrow white shaft newly piercing the dark cypresses of the South Knob, lifting above the common wood head-boards like a finger invoking silence on the dead.

Sylvia caught at the flowers on her breast as if a spasm held her breath.

"Sylvia," cried Delosier, alarmed, "are you faint, dearest?"

"No," said Sylvia, turning away from his tender glance, her voice heavy, "I am only—tired."

THE END.

A LAZY COMPANION.

BY FRED A. WILSON.

A MAN who has lived a good part of his life at the seashore says that the law of gravitation is greater on the sands which fringe the ocean than in any other part of the earth. This may be nothing more nor less than the opinion of this one man, but, at any rate, there is something so irresistibly attractive about the sanded shores of the ocean that the most scrupulously dressed belles and beaux of the summer resorts succumb with a sort of thankful feeling that there is such a thing as sand. It doesn't seem to matter if the carefully ironed crease vanishes from his trousers, or if wrinkles appear in her immaculate skirt. The privileged sand may sift through everything, and take the varnish off shoes, and it is all right. But what more romantic and appropriate place could be found for a declaration of love than under the shadow of a big umbrella close to the breakers beating their tattoo on the beach below? The sea acts as an incentive, and one under its influence can either be a good talker or a good listener.

The artist who is responsible for the very clever illustration on the front page is evidently a close student of human nature, but by a few strokes of the pen he has upset a pet theory. He has given us a couple who may be on the verge of a quarrel. He has made the man look unutterably lazy, and he has drawn an independent woman, who seems as if she were fully capable of asserting herself not only so far as concerns a sea-shore romance, but in domestic affairs as well. She is as sturdy as the point of land in the background; while he—well, he has succumbed completely, and seems perfectly happy with the umbrella and his cigarette. He looks as if he would be ungallant enough to allow her to walk away with nothing but the spray for escort, and the sun hot enough to take the curl out of her hair.

But she can find sympathy in the waves, for they are very tender at times, and say pretty things to the girls on the beach when the sea is calm. It may be, however, that they are apologizing for the rudeness of stormy days, when they roar out so fiercely as to frighten the timid ones who approach them. When they are lazy, like the man in the picture, they are supremely so; but when they are angry, they become mischief-makers beyond belief.

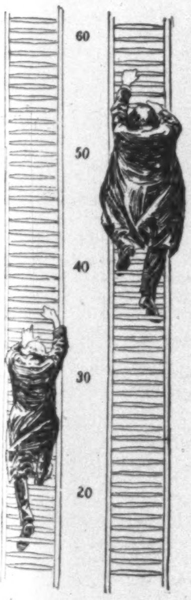
The romantic girl loves the waves because they bring to her mind pretty sentimental thoughts of far-off ships bringing golden-mustached lovers from over the sea. The girl of society loves the sea not because it is romantic, but because it brings to her such cool breezes that she can dance in midsummer without losing or heightening her complexion.

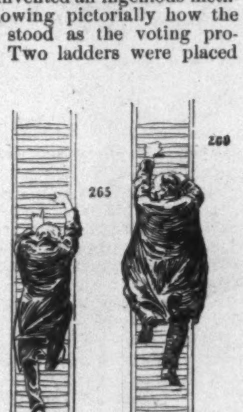
COMPTROLLER HEPBURN.

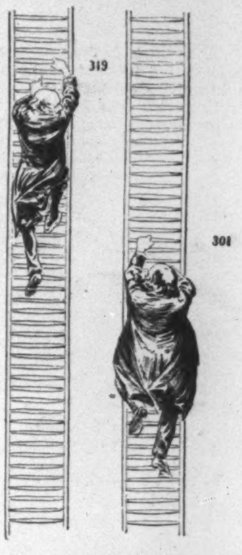
PRESIDENT HARRISON did a very popular thing when he named Mr. A. B. Hepburn, of New York, to be Comptroller of the Currency in the place of E. S. Lacy, who resigned. When it was known that there was to be a vacancy, many of the leading bankers of New York united in a petition to the President asking for Mr. Hepburn's appointment. It is said that a more influential application of the kind was never sent out of Wall Street, as men of all shades of political feeling joined in signing the document. Mr. Hepburn, who is about fifty years old, comes from St. Lawrence County, New York, and first became generally known to bankers when he was Superintendent of State Banks. This was from 1880 to 1883. Then he was made Examiner of National Banks in New York city, and this post he held until he assumed the duties of Comptroller. Mr. Hepburn began his public career as a School Commissioner in St. Lawrence County; then, in 1875–9, he represented his district in the State Assembly. In 1882, while Superintendent of the State Banking Department, he was nominated by the Republicans for Congressman-at-Large. That was the year that Mr. Cleveland beat Judge Folger so disastrously. Mr. Hepburn shared the fate of the head of the ticket. This is the first appointment of any importance given to the State of New York by the present administration.

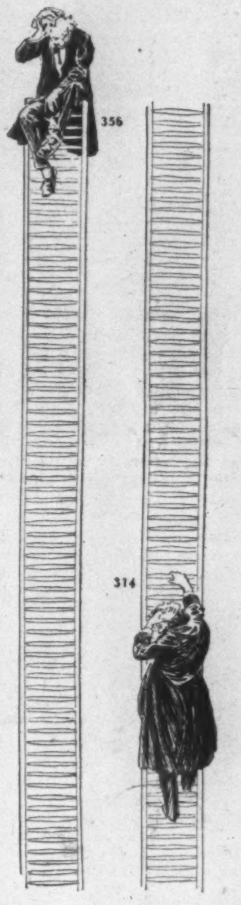
THE HIT OF THE ENGLISH CAMPAIGN.

IN America the voting is all done on one day, and before the sun has risen on the day succeeding the election the result is known, and the morning papers announce who has won and who has lost. But in Great Britain it is different. The elections for a new Parliament are stretched over four weeks, and as the polling goes on in various parts of the country the results are announced, just as the eighths and quarters of a mile in a horse-race are called off for the benefit of the reporters, who are to tell the story to the world not present. In the election just ended in England, the *Daily Graphic*, of London, invented an ingenious method of showing pictorially how the elections stood as the voting proceeded. Two ladders were placed side by side in a column of the paper, and up one of these Mr. Gladstone began to climb, while up the other ascended the burly form of the Marquis of Salisbury. When the election was a week old, there had been returned 36 Liberals and 57 Conservatives and Unionist Liberals. Each rung of the ladders represented a seat in Parliament, and therefore in the picture Lord Salisbury had taken 57 steps, and Mr. Gladstone only 36. The Premier was therefore very much higher up the ladder than the Grand Old Man. At the end of the next week Mr. Gladstone's members numbered 265, and Lord Salisbury's 269. The Grand Old Man was therefore almost as high up as his Conservative opponent, and the latter (in the picture) turns on the ladder to look at the ascending competitor, to see how much lead he still keeps. When another week was gone Mr. Gladstone had passed his opponent, and had ascended 319 rungs to only 801 by Lord Salisbury. Mr. Gladstone looks over his high collar and smiles gleefully at the nobleman struggling below. At the end of the next week the election was over, and Mr. Gladstone had reached the top, while Salisbury was 42 steps lower down. These 42 rungs represented the Liberal majority.



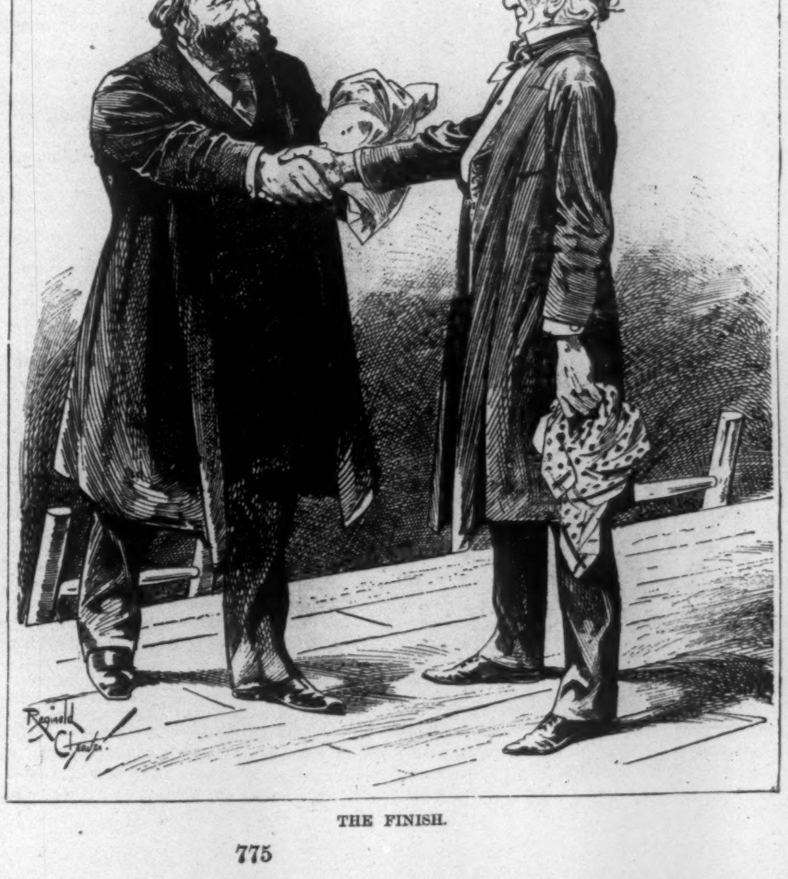






This innovation in the method of illustrating the progress of a campaign became most popular in London, and the pictures were the "hit" of the time. In the windows of the *Graphic* counting-room two ladders were erected, and lay figures representing Gladstone and Salisbury were fastened to these, and moved up as the voting went on. The Strand was blocked with crowds watching these figures. Soon the *Graphic* took advantage of the popularity of the ladder method of showing returns, and got out small paper ladders and figures. These were sold to clubs, hotels, and public-houses; and all over England, as the returns came in, the race was illustrated in this way, and all who chose could plainly see how the situation stood.

The interesting point about the illustrations is that the two leaders are not caricatured except in that it is something of a caricature to place two such distinguished and far from youthful men upon the rungs of ladders. The other papers were quick to see the hit the *Graphic* had made, but not one of them came up to the original or met with its success.



THE FINISH.

IN NEW LONDON HARBOR.

BY W. NEPHEW KING, JUN.

AMONG the many stirring incidents of the New York Yacht Club cruise to the eastward the visit to New London stands pre-eminently conspicuous. In a light westerly breeze, with snowy kites bellying far to leeward, the little fleet drove their shapely prows into the sparkling waters of the Sound, and came to anchor at the harbor's mouth on Wednesday, August 3d.

Under the lee of Groton Heights five great war-vessels were waiting to welcome the visiting yachts, and Commodore Gerry as proudly viewed his pennant at the *Electra's* mast-head as did veteran Admiral Gherardi his broad flag at the *Philadelphia's* mizzen. And well might each congratulate the other, for never in the yachting annals of this or any other country has there been such a concourse of pleasure craft as was mustered under the banner of the red cross.

Time was when a fleet of twenty or thirty sail awoke the slumbering echoes of this dreamy little New England town, and a few jolly yachtsmen were wont to paint the quiet streets a brilliant carmine hue. What a change has been wrought in both, however! As you look upon the graceful lines and clipper bows of the modern type, and remember the old craft of by-gone days that won fame and glory for the American tar, you rub your eyes and marvel at the evolution—from the rough *Maria* to the finished *Volunteer*.

There, under the shadow of old Fort Trumbull, the famed *Coronet* and *Dauntless* lie side by side. It is their first meeting since a memorable battle across the stormy Atlantic showed the world that Yankee yachtsmen were something more than fair-weather sailors. Coffie Colt still treads the deck of his historic schooner—now the flag-ship of the Larchmont Club—but the *Coronet* has passed into many new hands since that day. And the old *Dauntless*, scarred and battered by wintry seas, yet still holding the record of the fastest twenty-four-hour run ever made by a yacht, has crossed the line several miles ahead of her rival, and leading the latest Burgess schooner, *Constellation*, by four minutes. Is it strange, then, that her plucky owner is in high glee to-night?

And the little *Wasp*, Herreshoff's new production, has made last year's champion, the *Gloriana*, feel her sting. How these victories of the old and the new would have delighted the heart of Mr. George L. Schuyler, who made his last cruise on board the *Electra* two years ago! This foster-father of the *America's* cup was the last of the true Corinthian type of early days—men who scorned to have a sailing-master handle their tillers or even touch a sheet. It was hard for Mr. Schuyler to realize the change that was taking place in yachting during the last years of his life.

"I will never become accustomed to this 'teakettle' seamanship," he often said to me, "though I know that steam is destined to supplant sails in the future. Already the days of the big schooner and sloop are numbered, and racing will soon be confined to the smaller boats entirely."

Even a cursory glance at this year's fleet would convince the most sceptical of the truth of this prophecy. Every cruise the steamers and small boats swell in number, but only a few of the larger ones are seen in commission. Verily it looks as though all cruising will be henceforth in steamers, and racing in the forty and forty-six foot class.

And the scene in New London Harbor as the shadows deepen and night steals over the silent river! The pen of Théophile Gautier might picture this—no other. The flag-ship *Electra* has taken a position near the finish, and soon from stem to stern, from truck to keelson, is ablaze with tiny lights. One by one the different yachts hoist their flickering lanterns, which sway to and fro in the gentle breeze like many giant fire-flies. Now the laggards of the little fleet loom up in the offing, but the numbers on their sails are shrouded by the night.

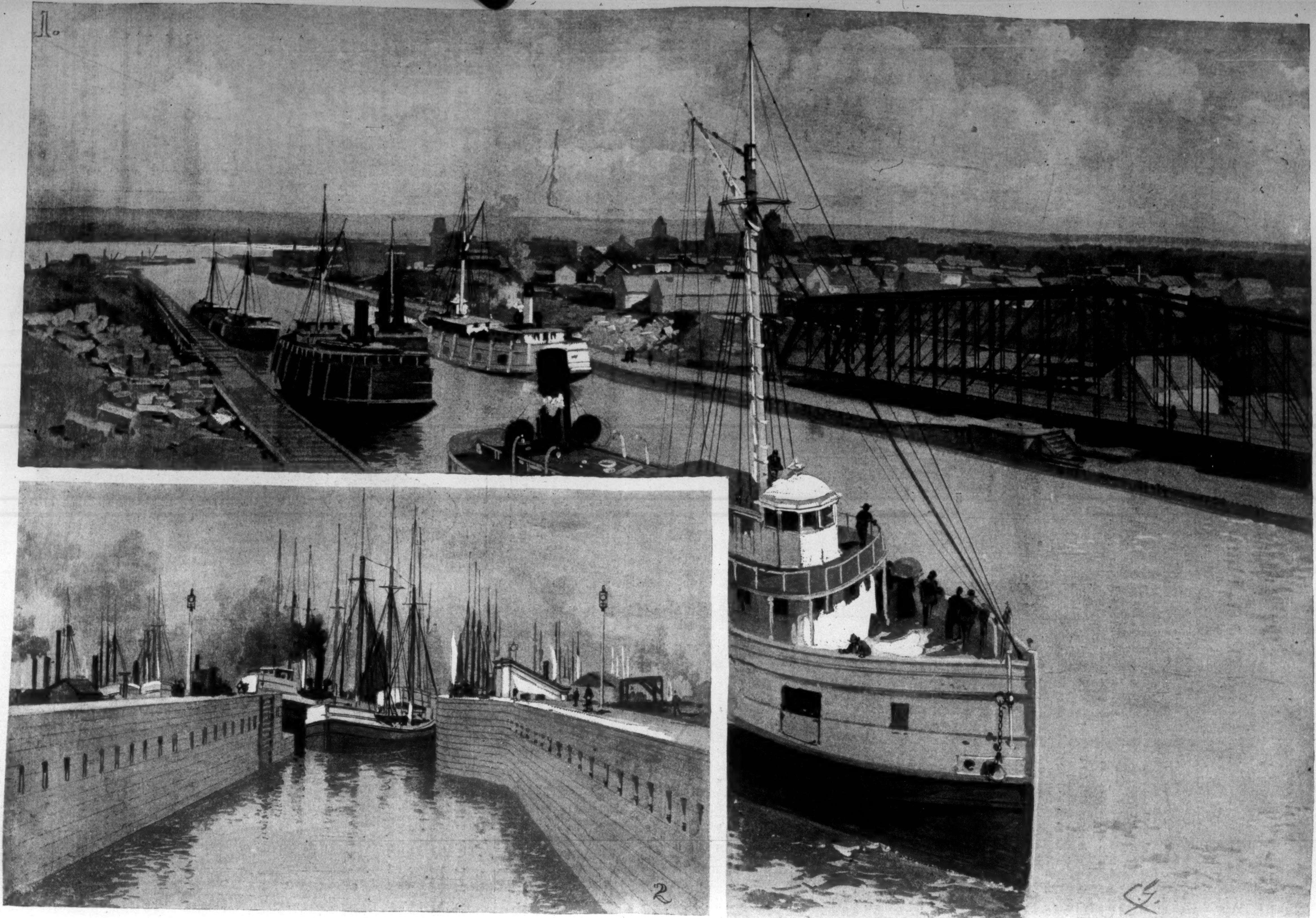
Suddenly through the darkness a long pencil of white light shoots from the bow of the *Philadelphia*, and is lost in the distant heavens. It seems like a bridge to paradise, airy and ethereal, a path for spirits to the wonder-land beyond. Like the finger of an angel it touches a shadowy form, and the white sails of a yacht gleam against the horizon. Soon another light flashes from the great battle-ship *Miantonomoh*, then one from the dynamite cruiser *Vesuvius*, and others from the little gunboats *Concord* and *Dolphin*, until the entire heavens seem to be interlaced with pale phosphorescent bands.

"There's a sloop to the westward," rings out across the water from the judges' boat.

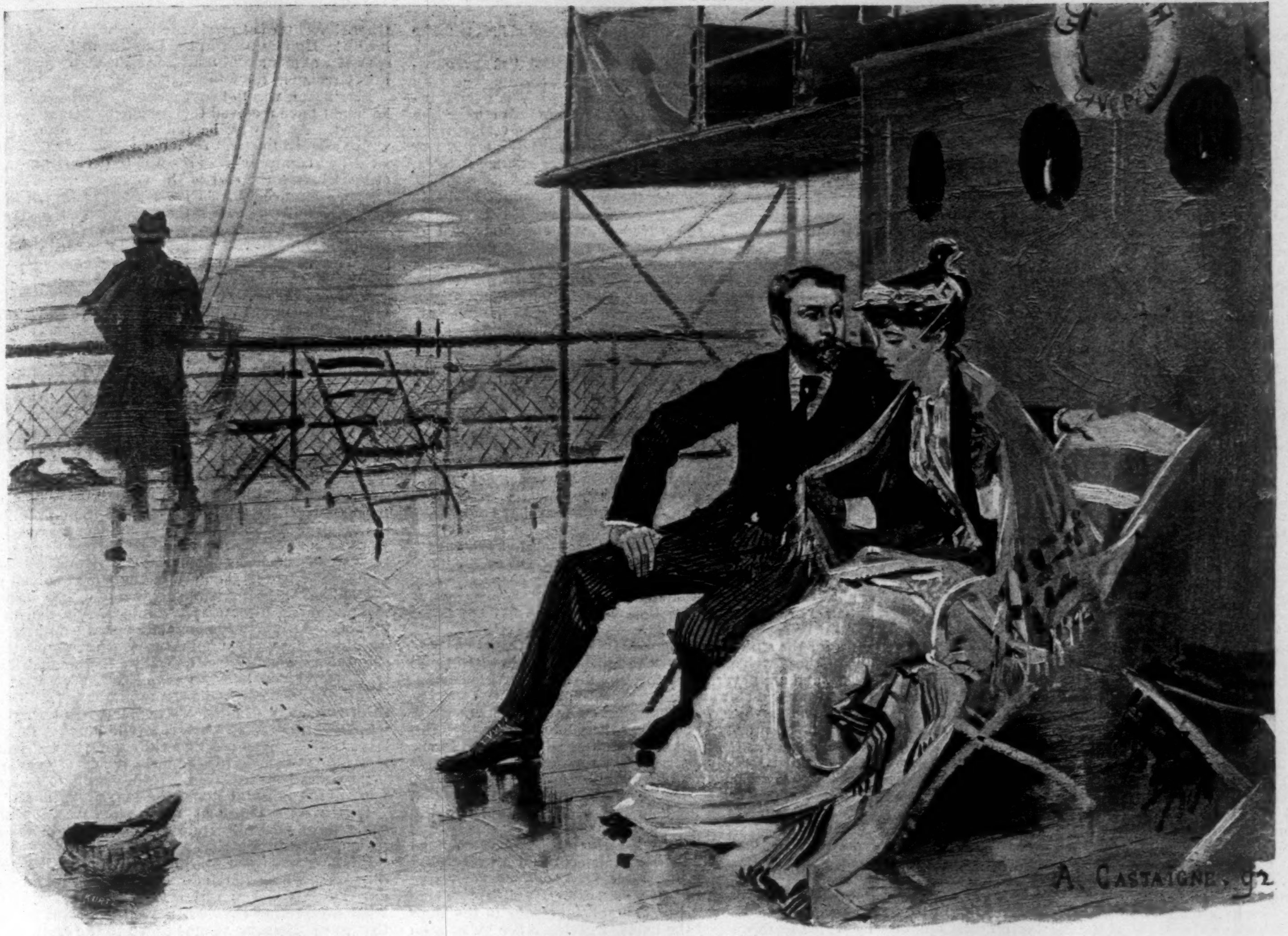
The great white eye of the flag-ship is turned upon it, and the dark outline of the *Titania* materializes. Soon the last yacht puts Osprey Light abaft the beam, and the little fleet are peacefully anchored between the twin hotels that mark the harbor entrance. From the Griswold and Pequot soft strains of dreamy music float across the water, and phantom figures move about the decks in the weird colored fires.

Such is a pen picture of the night scene in the harbor, so cleverly portrayed by Mr. Burns.

From New London the yachts continued on their way to Narragansett and Newport, where the race for the Goelet cup took place, resulting in a surprise for the most knowing. The cruise, as a whole, promises to be one of the most successful of late years, as the sun has been temperate in its heat by day and the moon at night obliging.



THE SAULT STE. MARIE CANAL.—1. THE "SOO," FROM THE SWING BRIDGE, INTERNATIONAL RAILWAY. 2. VESSELS ENTERING THE LOCK.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 790.]



THE "GOLIATH'S" STOWAWAY.

BY ALEXANDER BLACK.

"MERCY!" cried Miss Ferris, "there's the bell!"

"Don't mind that," said Barrington; "it's only a preliminary hint."

The deck of the big steamship was crowded. Scattered over the upper promenade were various animated groups, in whose position and component elements there was a constant kaleidoscopic change. A hum of many voices and a jumbled odor of flowers oozed from the saloon, which was packed with people. The din of talk drowned the guttural grumblings of the steam-pipe. Although a brisk wind was ruffling the river, the stalwart ship, stretched in the shelter of the covered pier and in the full blaze of the afternoon sun, was intensely hot.

Somehow the Barrington party had wedged itself into a particularly stuffy corner near the middle gangway.

"I'm suffocating here," wailed Tom Calvert. "Can't we get nearer the passage?"

"We're all going down to look at the state-rooms," said young Perry.

"You'll never come out of that oven alive," Calvert declared, fanning himself with his hat. "And, besides, there isn't time." But nobody heard him. The party was already struggling in the stairway crowd. Calvert thrust his head through one of the circular window openings, and shouted down, "Mrs. Bolles, I didn't understand that you and Alice were going to Europe to-day."

"Right up!" came Mrs. Bolles's voice through the din. Alice was invisible.

The crush in the passage was at its worst, for the noisy tide had turned. People were coming up again. The three state-rooms into which the Barrington party was to bestow itself were on the lower deck, a circumstance having an important bearing on the time occupied in reaching the field of investigation. Young Perry, who had the gayety of a man who wasn't going, led the fun occasioned by the examination of what Miss Ferris hopelessly described as "the ocean jail." Alice Calvert had her most radiant air. Perry was generally near her, a fact of which no one was more definitely aware than Barrington, who, in the midst of that babel of voices and distracting flutter of figures, found himself backed against the end of a passage, staring at the girl with an expression which he would have found it difficult to explain.

Barrington often recalled the picture of that moment. For it was but a moment, yet long enough for him to become conscious of a delicate, glorifying flush in Alice Calvert's face, of a delightful grace and appropriateness in her gown—a gown with a texture and tint that expressed the very spirit of youth and summer, and a low diaphanous ruff that curled about her neck like the corolla of a flower; long enough for him to ask himself as he looked whether he had not made the mistake of his life when he bade her only a formal good-by three nights before; long enough for him to wonder, in a flash of apprehension, what she would say if young Perry, who would have no ocean between him and her, should ask her to—

"Girls!" cried Mamma Barrington.

It was indeed no longer possible to delay the process of detaching the party that was to go ashore from the party that was to sail.

"I suppose," said young Perry, "they will give us one or two more hints with that bell up there; but perhaps we had better get within sight of the wharf."

Nevertheless, several minutes elapsed before they actually started for the deck. The three Misses Barrington, in a tremor of excitement, were clinging to Alice and Miss Ferris, delivering injunctions with unnecessary vehemence, and making promises that never afterward disturbed their recollection.

"You can shout all this at the gangway," urged Mamma Barrington.

"Do you wish me to put you ashore by force?" asked Perry, at Alice's shoulder.

They were near the foot of the companionway. Alice ran forward with a cry of mock fear.

"The ship is going!" she cried back at them.

In a moment she had flown up the flight of steps leading to the saloon-deck. As she ran through the passage leading to the main companion steps, a state-room door standing ajar offered one of those temptations whose fascination ever afterward seems utterly absurd. She yielded to an impulse to hide for a moment from those who were hurrying behind her, intending to follow her friends and enjoy their perplexity over her disappearance. Almost as she entered the state-room Perry and the others came hurrying past. The impulsive emphasis with which she closed the door brought three fingers of her left hand between the frames of the lock. When she released her hand a little gush of blood came through the break in her glove.

If Miss Calvert had not fainted, a good many things would not or might not have happened. At a later time the justification seemed entirely inadequate and the weakness commonplace. But reasonably or unreasonably, Miss Calvert did faint.

While she lay in a heap on the state-room floor, Tom Calvert was clutching Barrington and demanding to know where Alice was. Young Perry and Mrs. Bolles had said that she was ahead somewhere, but nobody could see her.

"You will probably find her on the pier," said Barrington.

"I suppose this is her notion of a joke," querulously gasped Calvert, as he pushed his way up the deck.

One bridge had already been drawn in. The men were just laying hands upon a second when Mrs. Bolles, with a scream, insisted on being allowed to scramble down. Young Perry, Miss Ferris, and half a dozen other belated visitors did the same.

There were still four or five minutes to spare. Tom Calvert stood desperately at the third bridge. In the crowd of faces on the pier he saw nothing of his sister.

"Have you seen Alice?" he almost yelled to a friend.

"Just saw Mrs. Bolles. Isn't she with her?" came the inconclusive answer.

"All ashore!"

Everybody who was going ashore seemed to have left the ship. Barrington rushed up to Calvert. "Your sister must be ashore," he urged.

Calvert put one foot on the bridge.

"Hurry, please!" said an officer.

In the continued uproar of voices Calvert tried to say something about a lady who was missing from his party, but mechanically stumbled his way to the pier.

When Alice opened her eyes, and before her recollection gave any explanation of the plight in which the silly accident had placed her, she was seized by an inexplicable dread, which slowly centred in a realization, thrilling in an exaggerated degree, that the floor beneath her was affected by a measured throb.

She knew what this throb must mean, and her first tangible thought was that something must be done at once to avert the calamity it portended. She got upon her feet, and sank down again. A sickening sense of weakness came over her. The necessity of doing something instantly, of reaching the deck, of letting somebody know at once that she was being carried away against her wish, seemed to paralyze all volition. For several minutes she drifted away from perfect consciousness. Then she experienced a feeling of intense resentment at being unable to rise.

"I am not actually weak," she thought. "This is a mere illusion produced by dread."

But she could not move for the space of another full minute or more, a period of time which, in the state of her faculties, stretched itself into a miserable length, and during which she could only stare at the panels of her state-room door, and at the dark stain on the front breadth of her gown.

Then she sprang up, swung open the door, and ran full against a man in the passage, who dropped a satchel, stammered an astonished apology, made way for her to pass, then grasped her arm.

"Miss Calvert!"

It was Barrington.

"Quick!" cried the girl. "Can't you stop the ship?" She was rushing up the steps.

Barrington followed her. "You are too late," he said, reaching her side at the door. "We are getting into the bay."

A group of people moved aside as Miss Calvert stepped excitedly to the deck. "Oh, you must!" she demanded, struggling with bewildered eyes to locate the shore lines. "Do you mean to say that I can't be put ashore? Isn't there a tug-boat, or pilot-boat, or something?" She was appealing to the group of passengers as much as to Barrington, who, in anything but calmness, led her hurriedly toward an officer, who seemed already to know that something had happened.

"This lady—" began Barrington.

"Won't you please stop the ship?" Alice appealed, half in tears. "I have been carried off. I must be put down somewhere."

"The lady is injured," the officer said, with a stare of puzzled indecision.

"Never mind this, please," exclaimed Alice, with an impatient gesture, as if to say that the remark was irrelevant. "I must get off."

"Can we see the Captain at once?" asked Barrington. He was unbuttoning Alice's crimsoned left-hand glove. The officer hurried up the deck.

"You poor thing!" cried an elderly woman, coming to Barrington's assistance. "What ever has happened to you?"

"Oh, this is nothing!" faltered Alice, glancing at her lacerated hand. "But it is so stupid and terrible to be carried off. I simply can't go."

Barrington tried to say something reassuring. Mamma Barrington and the girls were now in sight. The whole ship seemed to have the news. Away in the back of the group that surrounded Miss Calvert some man asked, "Is it a stowaway?" The words caught the ear of the elderly woman who was binding a handkerchief about the girl's hand. Then a gleam of brass buttons and a fluttering white beard bespoke the presence of the Captain.

"How did you manage this?" he demanded, with an inflection and a twinkle that took all the tragedy out of the event.

A dozen voices began an explanation.

"I hope you won't," the Captain said, as Alice reiterated her demand to be set ashore. "You had better not ask that. Feel this breeze. At the Hook it is much fresher, and the sea will be a little spirited for you."

"Captain!" she cried, with a feeling of rebuke to him, her cheeks flaming again.

"My dear girl—" began the Captain, with a paternal firmness.

"But, Captain," Alice went on, scarcely yielding her hand to those who were binding it, "don't you see that—that I can't go, that I must be put off? Will you force me—"

"Now, now," said the Captain, "don't scold me, for I could never think of tossing you off to-day. And you are in no condition for athletics, you know. Here's the doctor. Scold him. He doesn't mind it."

It seemed hard to believe that this could be the end of all protest. There, on each hand, were the lines of the shore. The bronze Liberty was only beginning to cast her figure against the smoky lineaments of New York. Scores of vessels specked the bay. The pilot had yet to clamber over the side and swing himself into a boat. But Alice felt herself cruelly held in the great iron ship, and refused to accept the reality of the imprisonment. That she could be on her way to Europe seemed a situation too fantastic for credence.

The situation became less incredible; but not until Barrington had arranged to send back a message by the pilot, until Mamma Barrington and the girls had offered suggestions and contributions in the important matter of wearing apparel, until the elderly lady who had acted with so much motherly tact, and who turned out to be Lady Chadwick, found an extra deck chair and robe to offer, and various other mitigating conditions had appeared. Luckily, there was a state-room to be had. It was given up only an hour or two before by a man who had been seen reading a telegram. They planned that one of the Barrington girls should join Alice in occupying these quarters. Alice recognized the state-room the moment she entered it. There was a blood stain on the lock.

By degrees scarcely more rapid the credibility of the situation dawned upon Barrington. After they had taken Alice to her state-room, and the flurry of first attendance upon her was over, the young man found time to realize that the girl's presence on the ship was a fact not only of novelty but of profound significance to himself. So that when it turned out that the bruised hand required a good deal of care, and that a strange weakness kept Alice in her berth during the whole of the following day, Barrington became possessed of a lively impatience. That second day was of an intolerable length. Having provided in a desirable corner for the comfort of his mother and Miss Henning, a maiden aunt of the Barrington party—his sisters divided their time between Miss Calvert's state-room and the most adventurous parts of the deck—he made a vigorous attempt to walk off his impatience. The smoking-room, where so many men buried themselves with apathetic complacence, was always impossible to him. A carefully played game of whist would have been a feasible diversion, but the male passengers exhibited a tendency commonly observed among men who are freed from the inhibitions of the drawing-room by reverting to poker.

A dozen times Barrington reviewed his last meeting with Alice Calvert before the sailing of the *Goliath*, and as many times scrutinized the motives—if such impulses might be dignified by that name—which had induced him not to say to the girl the things he wished to say. His mother and sisters were going abroad for a year. In eight months, perhaps sooner, he was himself to return to New York. He had deferred the confession. But eight months is a long time. And there was young Perry.

"Many a man," thought Barrington, "has lost a prize by such idiotic procrastination." This came to him very clearly at that hour when the ship's bells were ordering the visitors ashore, and Alice Calvert was glowing there before him in the dim passage between-decks.

Certainly matters were now very different from what they might have been. It comforted Barrington to think that the great Atlantic was not widening between him and this girl. She was near him, under the same shelter. On the evening of that second day he found himself staring at the sunset from the upper promenade. "I shall not repeat the mistake," he said to himself. The horizon seemed peculiarly radiant.

At dinner the next evening Alice made her appearance in the saloon, glad enough of her freedom from that malady of the sea which had seriously depopulated the congregating spaces of the ship.

The début made a little sensation. The Barringtons were at the Captain's table, and it was the Captain himself who extended a greeting that ended with an "our little stowaway."

"You must understand," said the Captain, "that this stowaway joke isn't mine. I hold Lady Chadwick responsible for that, and she accuses somebody else."

"I hope," said Lady Chadwick from across the table, "that I may be acquitted of any wicked intentions."

Alice ventured to say that "the stowaway had every reason to be grateful."

"Well," said the Captain, "I'm glad you've got through stowing away, for now we may see you long enough to find out why you did it."

Senator Tiffin gave one of his snorting laughs. "Probably the old story," he said; "ardent and romantic disposition, beating of young wings against the parental cage, desperate break for liberty, and all that."

"What is the etiquette of the situation, Captain?" asked Barrington, at the Senator's elbow. "After the stowaway is dragged up—generally through the hatch, isn't it?—and confronted with the master of the ship, is he not obliged to reveal the whole history of his nefarious ambitions, not omitting a single detail? Or is he rope's-ended first to make him submissive and truthful?"

"I had always believed," Alice interposed, "that a stowaway was put ashore upon reasonable application."

"Ah!" said the Captain, "that depends. When the stowaway is a man, we make short work of him. We have him ashore before he has time to prepare his apology. But when the stowaway is a woman, the punishment is different. Her penalty is detention. We don't allow her any repentance, but carry her off as the pirates used to do."

"Teasing her cruelly for the whole voyage," broke in Mamma Barrington.

Popular interest in the stowaway, while accompanied by certain manifestations that were not entirely disagreeable to the stowaway herself, gave some uneasiness to at least one occupant of the ship. Barrington found it distinctly difficult to take up the thread of his relations with Miss Calvert. And he had scarcely made the effort, when he became conscious of a slight but definite change in her manner toward him. At first he was ready to argue that this difference in manner was due merely to the novelty of the conditions. Women, he thought, are naturally and reasonably influenced by their surroundings. Alice Calvert on the *Goliath* in mid-ocean could not be consistently expected to resemble in every particular Alice Calvert in West Forty-fourth Street. Yes, environment and association were of immense significance. He was bound to concede this. But did they in any adequate way account for that indefinable shadow of change that had come over her? Barrington thought they scarcely did. Something more lurked in that shadow. What could have changed her feelings toward him? Such an inquiry had never before occupied his thoughts, and he felt the annoyance of a clumsy inaptitude in his attempt at an analysis. After all, the change he noticed was in any case extremely slight. Only a lover, perhaps, reaching out the supersensitive antennæ of an egotistic emotion, would have felt its presence at all.

As for the stowaway, she was full of gayety. Alice was one of those welcome girls who appear at table three times a day, and are never heard through a ship's partition plaintively urging a steward to hurry with the lemon. In conversation her voice was charming. But she seldom sang. She made no pretence of playing the piano, and was delightfully deficient at tennis. Yet she obviously belonged to the category of interesting girls. Older women said she knew how to manage herself. Barrington enjoyed watching her, though never with a greater admixture of dissatisfaction than when she was in the company of the nephew of Lady Chadwick.

Lady Chadwick's nephew was a distressingly well-groomed man, with a perpetual figured waistcoat and a probability of red cravat, whose general appearance and demeanor young Perry would have designated as "early English." There was something at once brusque and ingenious in the steps by which he developed the habit of giving Alice his arm on the promenade. During the morning of the fifth day he occupied the position implied by this habit for an hour and three-quarters by Barrington's watch. While not precisely exhilarating, his society had a certain exotic charm to a girl whose observation of mankind had been largely confined to Manhattan Island.

"We have been two years in Ottawa," said Lady Chadwick's nephew. "Have you been in Ottawa?"

"Never," answered the girl; "though I have always hoped to get there some winter. Is it not very interesting in the snowy season?"

"Charming in the season, but extremely dull out of it, you know. New York has so much more—what shall I say?—life. New York is really an immensely clever city—don't you think?"

Alice confessed to thinking it the cleverest city in the world.

After a pause the young man added, "You have been in London?"

"When I was a child. I have forgotten all about it."

"Ah!" pursued Lady Chadwick's nephew, bringing down his intensely shaven upper lip, "that's the city!"

Alice did not hear his last words. She had seen Barrington glance at her from across the deck. Something in the glance made it difficult for her to fasten her attention upon what her companion said during the next two or three minutes.

"Your American scenery," Lady Chadwick's nephew was saying, a little later, "is really stunning; crude and rugged, you know, but wonderfully interesting."

"We are very proud of our Yosemite and Niagara and all that."

"You are justified, I am sure. They are very grand. I suppose there is nothing abroad like your Niagara."

"We think not," said Alice, because, for the moment, she could think of nothing else to say, and then experienced the pangs of an impostor. She had never seen the great cataract.

"Do you know," said Lady Chadwick's nephew, with a touch of humility, "that I have a confession to make? I might as well admit that I passed Niagara. Didn't see it at all, you know."

Alice's companion was unable to understand why she laughed so heartily.

"It's a good one on me, isn't it?" he said.

"I'm afraid it's a better one on me," returned Alice, adopting his idiom. "I only know Niagara from the pictures. You see, we Americans are only argumentatively patriotic. We never let our patriotism give us much trouble."

"It is surprising," commented Lady Chadwick's nephew.

At this juncture they encountered a deck group in which several field-glasses were being brought into play. A nervous little German student, whose near-sightedness at table might have made the most credulous passenger doubt his ability to detect the horizon with any aid whatever, held out his glass to Alice, asking, "Vill you see?"

"What is it?" asked Alice, taking the glass. "A whale?"

"Yes," replied the student, indicating the general direction with his finger; "vith two masts."

Lady Chadwick's nephew covertly laughed at the little student's blunder. The absurdity was lost upon Alice, who had just noticed that Barrington was standing near the rail in conversation with a Miss Wyckoff, of Chicago.

As he looked across the shoulder seam of Miss Wyckoff's tailor-made jacket, Barrington's attention, wandering from the absorbing topic upon which he was being enlightened by Miss Wyckoff, had involuntarily fastened itself upon Miss Calvert, as that young lady came down the deck with the young Englishman; and by one of those complex actions of the trained mind, he was, without altogether losing the sequence of Miss Wyckoff's staccato phrases, mentally commenting upon certain characteristics of a figure which had never before seemed so eloquent. How superbly it combined those elements of attractive delicacy with those of magnificent health! Had he been in the habit of making such comparisons, it would undoubtedly have occurred to him to regard it as Grecian in the finest sense.

Barrington was not sentimental. Perhaps if he had been he might have received the guidance of some accompanying instinct. As it was, he felt the domination of one idea, which seemed to stand for a correction of the fault his judgment had committed. This was to declare himself to Alice Calvert before the end of the voyage. If no such distressing time limit had thrust itself forward, he felt that nothing might have been easier than to succeed in the thing he wished to do. With the necessity of speaking under pressure of specific hours, all poise, all confidence, all conversational invention, all perception of opportunity, appeared to be paralyzed.

Had he ever occupied himself with speculation in such a matter, Barrington would never have pictured life on shipboard as implying conditions so unfavorable to certain minor amenities as those he found existing on the *Goliath*. He would never, for instance, have fancied the difficulty of attaining the more satisfactory forms of *tête-à-tête*. By all tradition he would have expected a ship to offer an ideal medium for every species of romantic incident. But, as a matter of fact, the *Goliath*, for all purposes of a sentimental kind, was more populous than Mulberry Bend. It teemed with obstacles.

Moreover, it became but too apparent to Barrington that Alice Calvert, with that gift for evasion which sits like a panoply upon the sex, was making it difficult for him to find the opportunity he sought. When he endeavored to find by word or act how far she might be personally responsible for the fact that he had seldom spoken to her alone—save on the promenade, before the eyes of the world, as you might say—he found himself completely at a loss. At some times her manner made him utterly doubt the justice of his misgivings. At others his conviction was complete. This uncertainty, he reasoned, might arise simply from the fact that she was a woman. Or the failure in the analysis might as truly denote that he was a man.

If it had been convenient, it might have facilitated matters to drown Lady Chadwick's nephew. But what assurance was there that Alice Calvert would by that means become less elusive? Was not that ridiculously persistent Englishman a mere vehicle for the girl's policy of evasion?

"I really believe," said Miss Wyckoff, of Chicago, "that you are not thinking about the Patriarchs' at all."

Barrington's effort at reassurance was not all that he could have wished. Indeed, Miss Wyckoff indicated suspicions of an insincerity.

"Where were you soaring to just now?" she said, with a directness which Barrington thought might have seemed in any but a Chicago girl a trifle severe. "Do you know what my brother says when I stray off out of his reach in that way? He says, 'Come down to the earth, Milly.' And I come."

"Your brother is very caustic," said Barrington.

"Did you mean me then?" demanded Miss Wyckoff, with her hands in the pockets of her jacket.

Barrington laughed. "Oh no!" he said. "You are only relentless."

"Think of being relentless!" exclaimed Miss Wyckoff. "I have been called almost everything but that." Barrington thought he discerned in her eyes a gleam of something more than mischief and something less than vindictiveness as she said, "Do you not think Miss Calvert a charming girl?"

"I certainly do," he answered, without flinching.

"She seems very much interested in that Englishman."

"Do you think so?" said Barrington, indefinably.

"One would think you specifically doubted it," declared Miss Wyckoff.

"On the contrary," returned Barrington, "I have formed no opinion. It's a little hazardous, you know, to form judgment on steamship friendships."

"Gracious! how cynical you are!" said Miss Wyckoff, swinging herself half-way around on her small heels. "What do you think," she continued, catching Alice's arm, and bringing that young woman and the Englishman into the conversation with a suddenness that gave Barrington a nervous chill—"what do you think? Mr. Barrington says it is dangerous to form judgment on steamship friendships. Isn't he an utter cynic? And you would never think it."

"I suppose we cannot call him malevolent," said Alice, "unless he ventures that suggestion as to friendships in general."

"Oh, he is very cautious!" laughed Miss Wyckoff, wickedly. "He keeps within a safe limit in his sinister remarks."

"She is very cruel," said Lady Chadwick's nephew, with a twinkle that Barrington considered more human than anything he had ever observed in the Englishman.

"It is changing the subject rather abruptly," said Barrington, "but there's the gong for dinner."

An hour and a half later Barrington and Miss Calvert came on deck together, a circumstance which Barrington did not fail to regard as providential. At any rate, it was precisely what Barrington would have asked for.

"Isn't it rather rough to-night?" asked the girl, peering toward the west, where a gorgeous mountain of crimson cloud was hurling itself at the sun.

"Just breezy enough to give spirit to this picture," said Barrington. He added: "I like such a dash of air. It frightens away some of the crowd."

"I'm afraid that sounds like an exclusive preference," she laughed. "If I ask you to take me below in a few minutes, you must not think that I grudge you the lonesome joy of this pitchy deck."

"Oh, don't think of going below," urged Barrington; "not for an hour yet. Here are the chairs. Perhaps you would sit here for a while if I moved them into the corner out of the wind. Isn't that better?"

"Just for a little while—thank you," Alice said from the chair. "I suppose I should not have come up again to-night. I'm quite tired."

"I think you walked a good deal to-day," the young man said. He would like to have added, "with that miraculous Englishman."

"Yes," she returned, with no sign of having observed any reservation in his remark. "I have found it better not only to keep on deck as much as possible, but to fatigue myself a little. It is better when it comes to the struggle for sleep."

"I have had desperate luck in that struggle. Not a wink for me last night."

"Do you know," she said, "that I am a little sceptical about you people who say that you have not slept at all? Are you sure that you do not mean that you lay awake for, say, two hours or so?"

"No," said Barrington. "Mine was a genuine case. I had something on my mind."

He could not have sworn that she heard his last sentence, for she lifted her shoulders from the sloping back of the chair with a gesture that prompted him to ask her, "Are you cold?" Without waiting for answer, he caught up a robe from a chair near at hand. "Somebody has left this here. How fortunate!" As he noticed its color he added, "It is my mother's." The girl thanked him.

Barrington went on: "I have been worrying a good deal over a mistake—the greatest mistake I ever made."

"You forgot something?"

"No. I can't say that I forgot—yes, I did forget something. I forgot everything that I should have remembered. When you were carried away on the *Goliath*, I thought that perhaps I might be able to correct the mistake—that is, that I might correct it, so far as I was concerned, by—"

"If you mean," he heard her say, in a tone that might have made him suspect that she at least doubted the intent of his words—"if you mean any message or commission that I can carry back—"

"No, I don't mean that," declared Barrington leaning over the arm of her chair, with his face turned to hers. "The mistake I made was in leaving you as I did."

"I don't remember—" she began.

The young man interrupted her. "In leaving you without a word of what I felt. I did not seem to realize until I had parted from you how long six months would be. When I saw you on sailing day, I began to realize how miserable, how utterly miserable, I would be when an ocean lay between us, and how idiotic, how completely contrary to my natural impulses, my willingness to go in that way had been."

He became conscious while he spoke that she was sitting bolt-upright, with an expression which, in his excitement, was inscrutable. He reached awkwardly for her hand. It was buried in the folds of her robe, which she held closely about her.

"During the whole voyage," he hurried on, disregarding her obvious wish to speak, "I have been watching for the opportunity to tell you what I should have told you there—in New York—what I have felt all along, if you will believe me, and never more than when I experienced even for a few hours the sense of being without you—"

"Mr. Barrington," she interrupted, "I wish that you would not tell me this."

"Not tell you?" he queried, studying her in a sudden perplexity. "Why should I not tell you?" he demanded. "Is there any reason why I should not tell you? Is there any reason why you should not hear me?"

In the pale light her face told him nothing. She only said: "You will forgive me; I am very cold. I think I had better go below."

He detained her. "Is this all ridiculous to you?" he exclaimed. His voice did not fail to reveal the disturbance behind it.

"No," she answered quickly. It was all he gave her time to say.

"Perhaps," he went on, allowing a disappointed bitterness to creep into his tone—"perhaps I have made a worse blunder than before." He found himself reviewing with that curious facility which the brain exhibits in a crisis, the circumstances of their last meeting in New York. Between the time of that meeting and the sailing of the *Goliath* three days had elapsed. Much can happen in three days. Something tightened around his heart. The feeling gave a harshness to his voice. "I confess," he blurted, "that I didn't think of Perry."

Her face was turned from him. "Why should you think of Perry?" she asked, with an inflection that betrayed resentment.

"Oh, I suppose I had no right to think of Perry," he went on in a blind way. "I had no right to expect, either, that you—"

"Don't!" she cried, making a movement as if to walk down the deck. "You will say things that you do not mean."

Mechanically he led her toward the door at the head of the companion stair.

Before he could step in after her she turned to him for a moment and said "Good-night," and ran recklessly down the brass-armored steps. For a moment he hesitated, his eyes fixed on the gulf where she had disappeared. Then he walked aimlessly to the ship's rail, and stared at the stretch of horizon which so short a time before had seemed glowing with promise. The sun had gone down.

And while he stood there, plunged in the stupor of his disappointment, a strange sound came to him from the forward part of the ship. It was a curious sound, like the first low growls of the invisible populace in a melodrama. It was the kind of a sound that prompts people to say, "Something is the matter."

Barrington hurried along the deck. He saw a mass of rapidly moving figures, blurred in a puff of smoke that came through a partly opened hatch.

A moment later Alice Calvert, standing in her state-room, with her hand still on the knob of the door, which she had just closed behind her, experienced the sense of calamity which an unexpected and inexplicable sound has the power to evoke. There was a clattering on the deck overhead, and an ominous rush in the passage. The muffled sound of excited voices gave relief to a startled pronunciation of the word "Fire!"

A terrifying din soon filled the cabins and passages of the ship. In the confusion of a common terror the passengers ran unreasoningly in every direction, retarding one another's progress in the passages, and accumulating in a scrambling mass at the steps leading to the deck. Half-dressed invalids appeared at the state-room doors. Some people fought their way against the current of the crowd in a determination to secure their valuables before going on deck. Others, with a kind of dramatic calmness, were gathering the members of travelling or family groups. Many were crying, or fainting, or calling in a discordant screaming tone for some one else. The elegant population of the saloon had been transformed into a feverish mob. When Alice reached the deck, to which she had been pushed, dragged, and lifted by the movement of the crowd, she was seized anew by that feeling of dread at being utterly alone which is never more keenly felt than in a mass of people. The last of the twilight was smudging with red the swaying figures on the deck. A thin streamer of smoke hung out over the water.

In the roar of voices it was impossible to understand what any one was saying. It could only be guessed from their gestures that two officers near the bridge were trying to quiet the people. In fact they were yelling, "There is no immediate danger!" or some other makeshift of reassurance. But no one would have believed them even if they could have been heard. Then Alice saw Barrington, standing on something that raised his head and shoulders above those about him. He was eagerly peering over the crowd. Then he disappeared. She did not know how he reached her, but in a few minutes she felt his nervous clutch upon her arm. He was without a hat, and his cravat was gone.

"We are all over here a little way," he panted. He was drawing the girl with him, trying to part a passage for her. In the midst of the struggle they faintly heard the voice of an officer, who leaned over the rail on the upper deck and shouted,

"The fire is under control!"

"Thank God!" said Barrington.

"You think the danger is past?" he could hear Alice Calvert saying.

"We are safe now."

They reached the Barrington party. While Barrington was answering questions, the girls embraced Alice. The signs of terror were subsiding as the words "under control" passed from lip to lip. In the first flush of relief, people who had kept a bold front broke down and began to cry. Others were hysterically laughing. Some one near the Barrington group shouted, "The stowaway saved us!"

Barrington somehow got hold of the stowaway's hand. "It would not do," he said, "to lose the stowaway." As she turned to him he added, with forced quietness, "I must get you safely back to Perry."

"You are mistaken about Perry," she said, not less quietly.

Even a man can see some things very quickly. In that instant Barrington realized more than one blunder, and not with the least force the blunder of failing to see that Alice Calvert had resented a certain assumption in his deferred resolution.

"I think that if I were given the chance," he said now, "I could prove that there is no mistake about my loving you."

Her hand was still in his when the second officer pushed his way up the deck, shouting, "The fire is out!"

"A SHANGHAI ROMANCE."

BY COOTY DOROTHY CHANDLER.

I.

"DEAR MISS CARLETON,—You are put up for the paper and drag hunts while you are in Shanghai.

"May I take you to the meet on Saturday at 3 P.M. sharp? It is at Daly's Cut Jumps, Bubbling Well road. Please say 'yes.' Yours, etc., JACK LEGGATT, M.F.H."

These words, written in a clear, decisive English hand, on Irish linen paper, with "Shanghai Club" in small blue letters at the top, were brought into Miss Carleton's room, at the Astor House, one bright January morning. With them came a bunch of violets smelling of the woods and tied loosely together with a bit of lavender ribbon, rather awkwardly, as a bachelor might tie them. Eleven o'clock chimed from a golden travelling-clock snugly folded in its Russia-leather case. Miss Peggy Carleton turned her pretty head, with its crown of tangled sunshiny golden hair, away from the gentle chimes that awaked her from some sweet dream, nor was she alone aroused by them.

As regularly as daylight came, a gentle cry of "Peggy, Peggy dear, pretty Peggy," arose from the cage in the corner of her room. The young mistress, rubbing her eyes half closed in sleep and staggering across the floor, would open the door, and stumble back again to her soft warm nest.

A patter, patter, patter across the matting, a little pulling at the silken comforter, a low muttering of "Peggy, Peggy dear, Polly's Peggy," would announce her red and green paroquet on her pillow, where, snuggling down on her neck, they would sleep undisturbed in perfect peace, without a care upon their souls, until Ah Sam, bringing in coffee and opening the blinds, awakened them.

Polly was brought from that parrot land, Java, where the Admiral, ever mindful of his daughter's love for pets, had with difficulty secured him in a rough iron cage, and brought him on board the flag-ship for her. He was a wild, fierce little creature, scolding and muttering vengeance in Javanese. He allowed no one to touch him, under penalty of a cruel, wicked bite.

Peggy, to whom fear in any form was as yet unknown, went recklessly forward, put out her slender white hand, talked quietly to him, and he came to her and rested there. From that time they swore eternal friendship, though no one else might touch him. Polly and Peggy were as two children playing and chattering together. Quietly opening the door, her devoted old Chinese *amah*, who wore a long blue tunic, loose black trousers, and padded shoes, came noiselessly into her room. Great rings of jade incased in gold net-work hung from her ears. Her hair bound up under a black capote, with a circle of pearls in the front, signified that she was no ordinary woman, but one who had seen better days—days when she had never put her wee foot to the ground, but, like the Chinese *milaeti* that she was, rode in her sedan-chair, carried high on the shoulders of four sturdy Chinamen, who in silence obeyed her command, and swung along the gay thoroughfare to the Bubbling Well road, without fatigue or weariness. The daughter of a rich Chinese merchant, she was sent at the age of fourteen to England to school, with all that money could command. She wore foreign clothes, and was fast acquiring the tastes and language of the Europeans, when news came from Shanghai of the death of her father and mother from cholera. It recalled her home. On her return she found herself penniless and alone in the world, with her Chinese wardrobe, packed away in a carved sandal-wood chest, her only legacy. Rather than sell it, she once again adopted it, and started out in life, as many another Chinese lady has done, in the position of an *amah*, or maid. As she came into the room of her young mistress, carrying her silver tray of marmalade, coffee, and toast, the bunch of violets, and the note from the M.F.H., she still maintained an unmistakable air of dignity and high breeding.

"Oh, Miss Peggy, *amah* have got plenty No. 1 pigeon; more better wake up, chop chop. Sun top-side have got—more eleven o'clock. Look see plitty flowers, plenty letters. *Amah* open blinds."

She laid the tray on the table by Miss Carleton's bed, gave her the letters and flowers, and busied herself about the room. Peggy opened her great gray eyes, smoothed Poll's neck, kissed his pretty head, read her letters, glanced at the note, sniffed the violets, which filled the dainty bed beneath its canopy of silk and lace with their sweet fragrance, and, with her hand lying listlessly over the side, let them tumble to the floor, snuggled down among her pillows, and went fast to sleep.

II.—"THE BUND, SHANGHAI."

Between the hours of eleven and twelve Shanghai is at its busiest. The broad *bund* faces on one side smooth lawns, gardens full of tropical plants, palms, oleanders, and camellias. The Yang-tse River stretches out in the distance, and Chinese junks and fishing-smacks, with their sails flapping, lie listlessly about in its still calm water. In the morning the gardens are bright with the happy faces of children, watched by Japanese and Chinese nurses in picturesque gowns and bright embroidery. Occasionally one sees a swarthy black Indian woman in her many-colored *surong*, her onyx bracelets and tortoise-shell combs. She watches with all the tenderness of a mother over a small bundle of lace and fine linen in its carriage of bamboo, singing it an Indian lullaby in low liquid tones.

As these little princes and princesses of the sunshine hold full sway during the morning hours, in evening the gardens are bright with the older and more beautiful faces. The military band is playing. The moon is shining on the river, the bright-colored lights from the ships in port sparkle like fairy-lamps across the water. Long steamer chairs of bamboo are lying about, covered with pillows. Small tables are ingeniously fastened to their sides, covered with some flimsy Indian stuff. On them are cigars, cigarettes, old blue bowls full of chopped ice for the little iridescent glasses of crème de menthe, and small delicious sandwiches of caviare fresh from Vladivostok.

The people who make up this little Bohemia, what of them?—the women in their long thin gowns—gauzes from Java, silks from Japan, and cashmeres from India—made for them by Chinamen who know no English, yet cut and fit with the deftness of a Parisian.

The Princesse de Chalmère and the Comte de Brassey are idly discussing Mr. Lasson's cotillon and the next hunt ball. Officers from the English and French fleets tell of the last paper hunt in Corea. The merry hum goes on until the night glides into morning, and the gardens are alone, deserted.

Opposite the "gardens" the *bund* is alive with cabs and jinrikishas, those queer little two-wheeled vehicles carried along by one poor man, whom you pity one moment and whack with your stick the next to go faster; broughams and traps are tooled along to the different business houses. There are the great importing houses, the French Hôtel des Colonies, Hall & Holtz (the Arnold & Constable of China), the Shanghai Bank, Masonic Hall, and the English tailors, where sporting goods from London are on view. There also is the Shanghai Club, with its wide stone steps, its long plate windows, and its row of cabs in front.

While Peggy Carleton sleeps and dreams of how her Gordon setter is getting along in America, two men conspicuously noticeable among those who saunter in the club secure their table in a quiet corner of the room, and giving their order for tiffin, take up the *Morning Mail* and *Gazette*, and look over the news for the day.

Guy Holliday and Jack Leggatt were about as unlike as any two men could be. Englishmen, six feet four, handsome, and broad-shouldered. Holliday, the most popular man in Shanghai, game for anything from steeple-chasing to love-making. A man of the world upon whom fortune had smiled, and the pet of every woman.

His companion, Jack Leggatt, on the other hand, was a man of thirty, quiet, and reserved. Women looked at him twice with an unacknowledged wish that he would notice them. An English gentleman, courteous, with the manners of a prince, and a quiet deference to all women alike that charmed yet piqued them. His cold gray eyes, his broad high forehead, straight, well-cut nose, and firm-set mouth showed him a man upon whom opportunities had been showered. A man who cared for nothing but the idol of his life—his art!

"Oh, I say, have you seen the new American girl?" said Holliday, laying down his paper and dipping into the hot terrapin before him. "Just what we wanted, you know; good sort, full of life, keen on riding, and all that sort of thing. She was a tremendous go in Japan, Trumbull Cary wrote me, but as hard as nails, cares for no one but her father and a stupid bird she carts about with her. I hear she was at the Country Club the night she arrived, and looked like a dream, and danced like one. Did you meet her, or were you not there? You are such a melancholy old bird, I suppose you were shut up in that room of yours trying to get the curve right on a Chinaman's ear, or some such nonsense."

"What were you saying, old chap?" replied Leggatt. "I beg pardon, but something here caught my eye." And he read: "'The American fleet is following the flag-ship to Shanghai.' That means that the Admiral intends stopping at least through the hunting season."

"Hang it all, that's just what I was talking about," said Holliday. "They say that Miss Admiral rides like a bird. Have you met her?"

"Yes; I am taking her to the meet on Saturday; but, I say, here come those chaps from Australia. I think we would better switch off a bit and talk of something else."

Leggatt did not consider the club a proper place to discuss the Admiral's daughter or any other woman. The conversation was here interrupted. A seedy-eyed son of Far Cathay brought in a note on a tray, and explained,

"One piecy chit have got, Hong-Kew side Astor House."

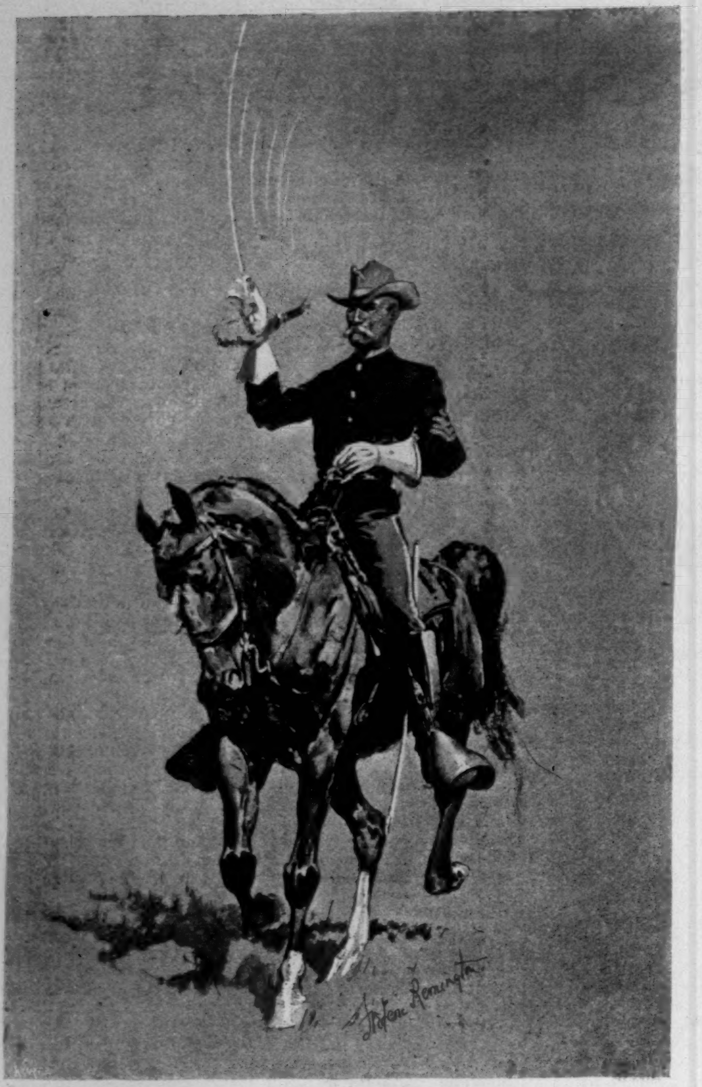
Leggatt broke the seal, and read the answer "yes" to his appeal of a few hours ago, and she asked him to run in to tea at five to talk over selecting some horses. He felt a peculiar interest in this "new girl," who loved only her father and her parrot, and who had come out to command the hearts as he commanded the ships.

Five o'clock found the *amah* in Peggy's room. "No. 1 gentleman have got. You more better missy wear plink dless. No baby san, no takey Polly below-side, supposing master no likely Polly" (as the parrot began to waddle up upon her shoulder). Master no come look see Peggy san more time. Oh, No. 1 master, *amah* so muchy likey!"

Five minutes later a gentle flutter of silk trailed down the hall, and, with a sweet perfume of violets, Peggy came into the room in her pink gown, with Polly on her shoulder, a smile of welcome on her beautiful cold face. The little drawing-room was hung with India rugs, Japanese embroideries, and stuffs collected in her year of Eastern travels. The tea table with its samovar brought from Russia, its tea from Formosa, and fine china, displayed artistic taste. As Miss Admiral came forward to meet him, offering him her hand, he thought: "What a subject to paint? She must have a heart, else how could she care for that bird? And what a picture they make!"

They discussed the various horses available, the different riders, balls, etc., on the tapis. He noticed her interest in

(*Continued on page 782.*)



"AND THE CURVED STEEL MELTS IN A VIVID FLASH."

TOMMY ATKINS IN THE AMERICAN ARMY.

BY LIEUTENANT ALVIN H. SYDENHAM, U. S. A.

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

THERE are some things which Americans do not know all about—only a few, but there are a few—and among that few is their own little regular army. They send to Congress their smartest, most learned, and wisest men; and these men should therefore know more about everything than any of the rest, and therefore more about the army. Do they? Read some of the bills they introduce for the improvement of the army, and afterward come around and make yourself acquainted with the army as it exists. It was my duty not long ago to instruct a class of enlisted men in barometry, hygrometry, and thermometry, and to require them to solve problems in the same by the use of logarithms. That is what I call advanced improvement—at thirteen dollars a month!

The only attention we ever get that is truly valuable is when Mr. Remington, or Mr. Zogbaum, or some other kind fellow, being benevolently and charitably disposed, makes a tour of our camps, eats salt pork off a tin plate, drinks straight whiskey toddies with the commanding officer, gets a shaking up on a long march over a hilly road, dodges the bullet from a redskin's rifle (exposing himself to these and many other similar vicissitudes of the life with much the same pleasure that most men do to the small-pox), and then comes home weary and sick, with a bundle of sketches under his arm and a bookful of experiences tearing at his memory, to write us up in the newspapers. That is where our popularity begins, and that is where it ends. These gentlemen, with their impressionable eyes and wits ever ready to catch the salient points, see a great deal of the best that is in us; and with their skilful brush and pencil bring before you in vivid outlines a little of what they saw; but it is only a little. They are the best friends we have; but they, like yourselves, have too much to do to spend all their precious time on us. Thus we have our ups and downs; our popularity comes by jerks, and our virtues appear before you, in spots and patches.

What more can we expect, when nine-tenths of our regiments are stationed in the Bad Lands, the sand hills, the deserts, the mountains, or any place where they don't see a city once in six years? In all that region east of the Mississippi until within a few years there were no mounted troops. Then three troops were sent to Fort Meyer on Arlington Heights across the Potomac from Washington; and now the order is out for one more to go there, and two Indian troops and two white troops are ordered to Fort Sheridan, near Chicago. When you see those Indian troops on drill for the first time, your eyes will pop out of your head with astonishment, and you will wonder why they don't make soldiers out of all the Indians. For your answer inquire of the Indian why he will not enlist, and of your Representatives in Washington why they do not make it pay him to do so.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, an artist in black and white, born under the sunny skies of the Arabian Sea, who tickles the eye with his delicate blending of the three dialects of the Queen's English, has taught you what you miss by not being an Englishman down on the Irawaddy in intimate conjunction with the "Three Musketeers." No doubt some one thinks that these three particular redcoats are the only ones in the whole British army worth hearing about. Not a bit! They are the particular three that Mr. Kipling, who knows a good thing when he sees it, happened to fall in with; and being a good-natured fellow, he is willing to share it with his friends. John Bull likes his Tommy Atkins, dresses him up smart and jaunty, and turns whole armies of him loose on pass in the streets of his cities. He does not pay him much more than the interest on the Queen's shilling, but he likes him just the same, and is always ready to speak him a kindly word and lend him a helping hand. What is the result? Tommy likes his business, and the saying, "Once a soldier, always a soldier," is peculiarly applicable to him. When he gets restless and wants a change of scene, he takes his final papers and ships for America, where we find him very soon in the regular army, as good a soldier as ever you want, and getting double the pay for the same sort of professional idleness that wearied him in his native land.

If you ever visit Fort Meyer, take an extra look at the first sergeant of that Eighth Cavalry troop—Patricius Milo Drennan, six feet three in his boots, and weight two hundred—over thirty years an American soldier, and a first sergeant for the last twenty, and furthermore a first sergeant that all the others would do well to pattern after He has reduced some of the most brazen beasts that ever bore the "U.S." brand into hobby-horses in less time than it took to accept them from the contractor The first time he reported to me, "Sir-r-r, the harses are groomed," I felt as if a bucket of cold water had been thrown over my dignity. I did not know whether to command him never again to address me in that tone of voice, or to take off my cap and say, "Thank you, sir."

To the raw recruit his presence is productive of much the same kind of spell that exists in a galvanic battery when the slide is pulled out as far as it will go. Upon one expedition in the field an unwise and short-sighted "rukie" had offended the delicacy of Paddy's vision by not having his kit in order, and had suffered a paternal rebuke which, for Paddy under such trying circumstances, was mild and considerate. But the "rukie" was rebellious, and strode madly in the direction of the officers' tents in quest of balm to put upon his wounded spirit. Paddy's eyes fell upon him just as he was clearing the flanks of the company tents. In three leaps he had him by the neck.

"Ye will run to the officers with yer complaints, will yez, ye dhirty, sneakin', blaytherin' 'blaygard?" he roared, as he whirled him to the rear. "Take that—and that—and that—and that!"

Paddy gave him up after he had hurt his face very badly in several places, and had knocked him all the way back into the company street, where his friends drew near and comforted him. But it was observed that thereafter Recruit B—— always had his kit clean, kept away from the captain's tent until he was sent for, and became, to all outward appearances, an obedient and faithful trooper.

"I wuz inthrodoocin' him to the thrue inwardniss of military discipline, sir-r-r!" was Paddy's explanation when called to account for striking one of the men.

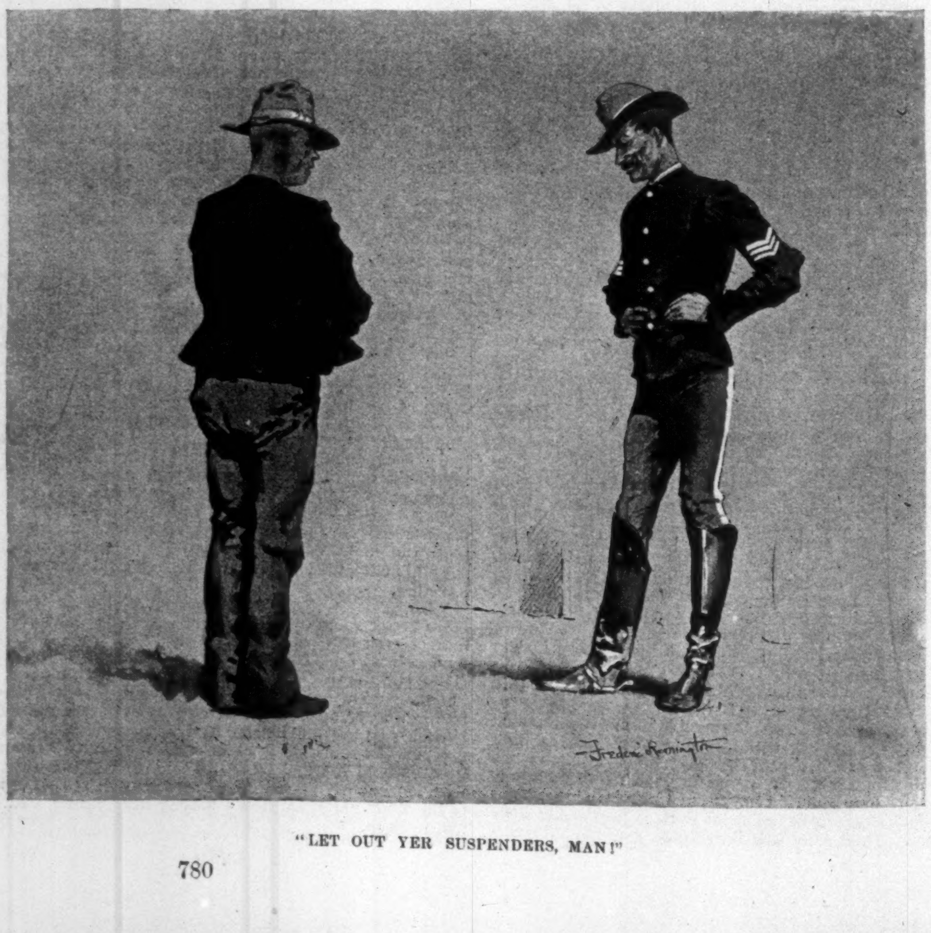
It was a picture that would make an artist hug himself for bliss to see Paddy march his troop in from parade from its post at the left of the infantry line. A turkey gobbler on a sunny spring morning, with half a dozen barnyards in attendance, could not have swelled forth with more untrammelled pride or stepped out with more precision than did Paddy in the presence of those despised "dough-boys." As he passed the reviewing stand his left hand would fly to his right shoulder in a "figure 4" salute, audible all over the parade-ground, that said, plainer than any words, "I may have to walk with yez, but I don't have to look like yez."

Sabre drill is his strong point. How his shining blade cuts through the air and tears up the turf when it descends in the cut "against infantry"! Then when the troop is turned out for instruction, and Paddy is feeling well: "What's the matter with yez? Luk at me!" and the curved steel melts in a vivid flash, that conveys as much method to the minds of his pupils as Professor Hermann gives the audience in his phantasmagoria act.

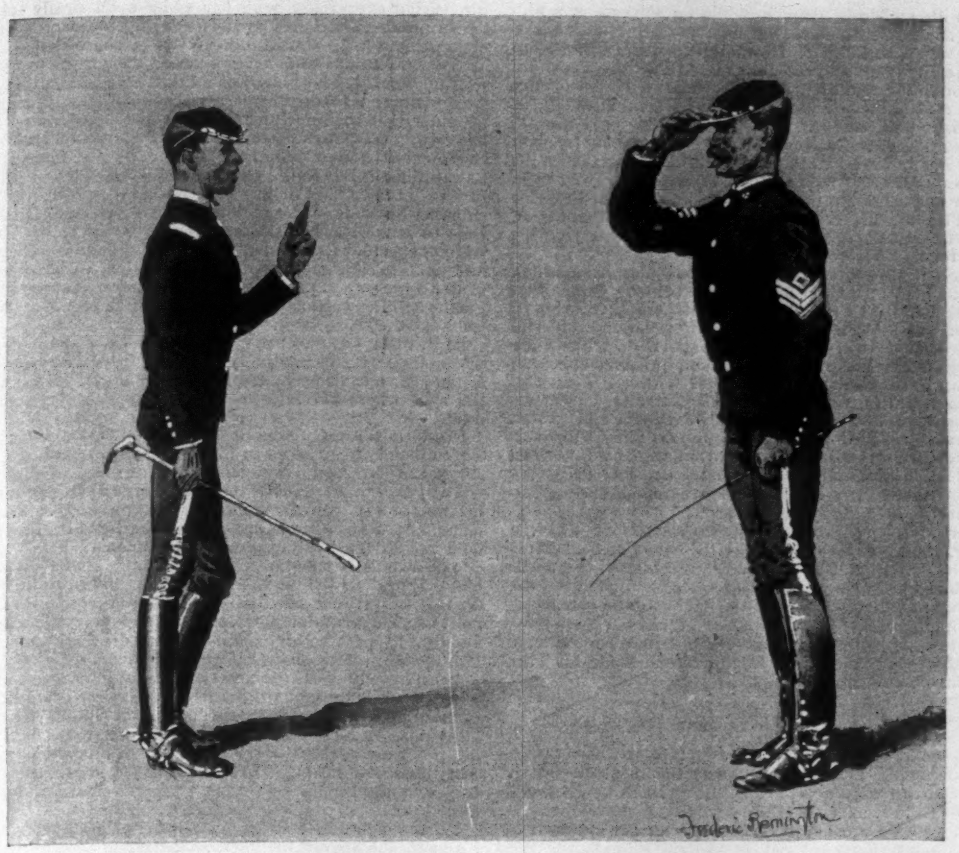
However faintly the three volleys of smokeless powder may pop over Paddy's last resting-place, the noise of it will be heard from San Carlos to Assiniboine, from the Presidio to St. Augustine, wherever the blue is worn. A non-commissioned officer, whose name has ever been the synonyme for all that is just and considerate to the men, for loyalty and obedience to his officers, he is a type of soldier that it is hard to replace, even out of the product of our native land.

To know the American soldier well you must toil with him over the desert trail when the sun beats hotly down on the dry and verdureless earth, and the dust rises in white clouds that hide the column from view, and fills the eyes, the mustaches, the ears, the mouth, with profanity and vexation. Here is where his songs and jokes proclaim the stuff that he is made of. Then, when you are sent out with him in the dead of winter over twenty inches of snow, your equipments and supplies on bob-sleds, he it is that dismounts time and again without a murmur, pushing, to help the mules up hill, and repacking the overturned sled a dozen times in a day; then, after it all, digging his hole in the snow, and putting up his tent at night, all the time joking with his "Bunkie," and ready as ever to steal a wisp of hay or a handful of oats for his shivering horse. He it is that jumped into a boiling hot spring to save the life of the daughter of a private citizen—a deed for which the citizen, who was a rich man, proffered the astounding sum of five dollars, and the government the gold medal of honor; he that took a flat-bottomed boat out in a heavy sea in New York Harbor to rescue a drowning boy; that lost his life for his fidelity while attempting to swim an icy stream with despatches; who, single-handed, served a field gun through an action, with a bullet in his leg, to hold a position; he that you believe incapable of anything but "bucking faro" and drinking strong liquors.

Thaddy O'Brien, ranking duty-sergeant of Troop H, —th Cavalry, rejoiced in the possession of one strong point at least, and that was a very strong one. He adapted all things to the purposes for which they were intended. If a recruit received a campaign hat that was too small for him, Thaddeus would promptly seize it in his ponderous fists, and stretch it from six and three-quarters to seven and a half, or any other size that would conveniently drop over "Johnny-come-lately's" head. If it was too large, it was a soaking with water it would get, and a piece of advice to "Niver let water come nigher to ye than that." The generous and commodious government sock underwent the same variation of initial dimensions, and never more than a single size was ordered from the Quartermaster's in that troop. If the unkind wind whistled too ruthlessly around the ankles of a "rukie" newly arrived from Jefferson Barracks, clad in his issue breeches, which have always merited the reputation of being disproportionately broad in the beam,



"LET OUT YER SUSPENDERS, MAN!"



"SIR-R-R! THE HARSES ARE GROOMED!"

the moment Thaddy spied him he was sure to hear, "Let out yer suspenders, man!"

But the fact that this propensity was generally appreciated never impressed itself upon my mind until the afternoon of one hot summer day when the troop was making a rapid ride to meet a paymaster. I had been jolting indifferently along, easing the horses on the down grades and spurting on the levels, listening to the jingle of the canteens and picket-pins, and not paying much attention to the chaff of the men in the rear, when Thaddeus rode up and obtained permission to fall out of the column to fix his blanket. He was scarcely out of sight behind the cloud of dust at the rear, when one strong-voiced Hibernian near the head of the column shouted out,

"Say, b'ys, I had a dhream last night I've bin explodin' to tell yez iver since!"

"Tell ut," instigated the trumpeter.

"I thought I wuz dead and applyin' fur admission at the gates uv hivin. They opened the dure and tuk me in, to me bewilderin' astonishment, widout askin' to luk at me discharge from the last regimint. I felt very much at home, and galivanted right up to the dure uv the orderly-room. It wuz thin, whin I shtepped into the blindin' glory uv that place, that me astonishmint resaved its final blow. Phwat do yez think I saw?"

"Not wan of us could iver guess," ejaculated the farrier.

"I beheld Thaddy O'Brien, dhressed in 'is best suit uv full dhress, ishooin' halos to the recroots!"

"Muther uv Mowses! it was a nightmare!" howled the trumpeter.

"But that's not all. Whin he gave me mine, I persaved that it wuz too small, and I wuz afther handin' it back to him. Phwat do yez think he towld me, Bunkie?"

"To git yer heels together and stand attenshun, maybe."

"Niver a bit. He sez, with fierceness in his voice, sez 'e, 'Maloney, me man, it is the proper size. *Take ut out and stretch ut!*"

It was necessary to order a trot and lead out lively to keep them from hearing me smile.

This is the same Thaddy O'Brien that was sergeant of the guard when a certain noted horse-thief and deserter attempted to defeat the ends of justice down in Texas a few years ago by jumping out through the window of the guard-room and taking leg-bail for the chaparral. The alarm was given before he was fifty yards on his way by the crack of the carbine of the sentinel on No. 1, and in another minute every member of the guard was on his back, blazing away at him. All of the bullets flew wild, and the deserter fled on, jumping to right and left like a surprised Tonto Apache. Thaddeus sat down, with his carbine across his knee, measuring with his eye the distance to a wire fence through which the deserter would have to pass before he gained the shelter of the chaparral, regarding the unsuccessful shots of the others with unfeigned disgust. He set the sights.

"If ye don't come back, I'll have a shot at ye myself!" he shouted.

The deserter kept on, paying no heed to the warning, until he reached the fence, and was obliged to stop to crawl beneath it. At that moment Thaddy's carbine popped, just as the officer of the guard, who had been awakened by the tumult, reached the spot. He states that the deserter was under the fence when they found him, and that he lived long enough to request them to write to his mother, and tell her that he died with her name upon his lips. There being no law to punish guards for shooting criminals escaping from under their charge, the matter ended when the last shovelful of earth was patted down on the grave of the deserter.

We don't hear all they say or see all they do, because we are not untrammelled civilians, like Mr. Kipling. We can't loaf around with them in the canteen or the sutler's or the stale-paper reading-room or the squad-room after dinner, as he could; but if we could, we would see all he tells about, "an' a dale more" that is peculiar to American soldiers. When we get through copying European innovations, and have an idea or two of our own that we are not ashamed of; when we teach the doctrine, "For one soldier one gun," and make the infantryman stick to his rifle, the cavalryman to his carbine, and the artilleryman to his parapet; when we stop trying to punch out the clothing for the entire army on one clothes machine, and stop dressing a cavalryman like a hospital attendant, and an engineer like a signal sergeant—then can we hope that our Tommy Atkins will decorate the sketch-books of a whole school of special artists, and praises be sung in books full of rhyme and song and mirthful prose, just as is now the enjoyment of his cousins across the water.

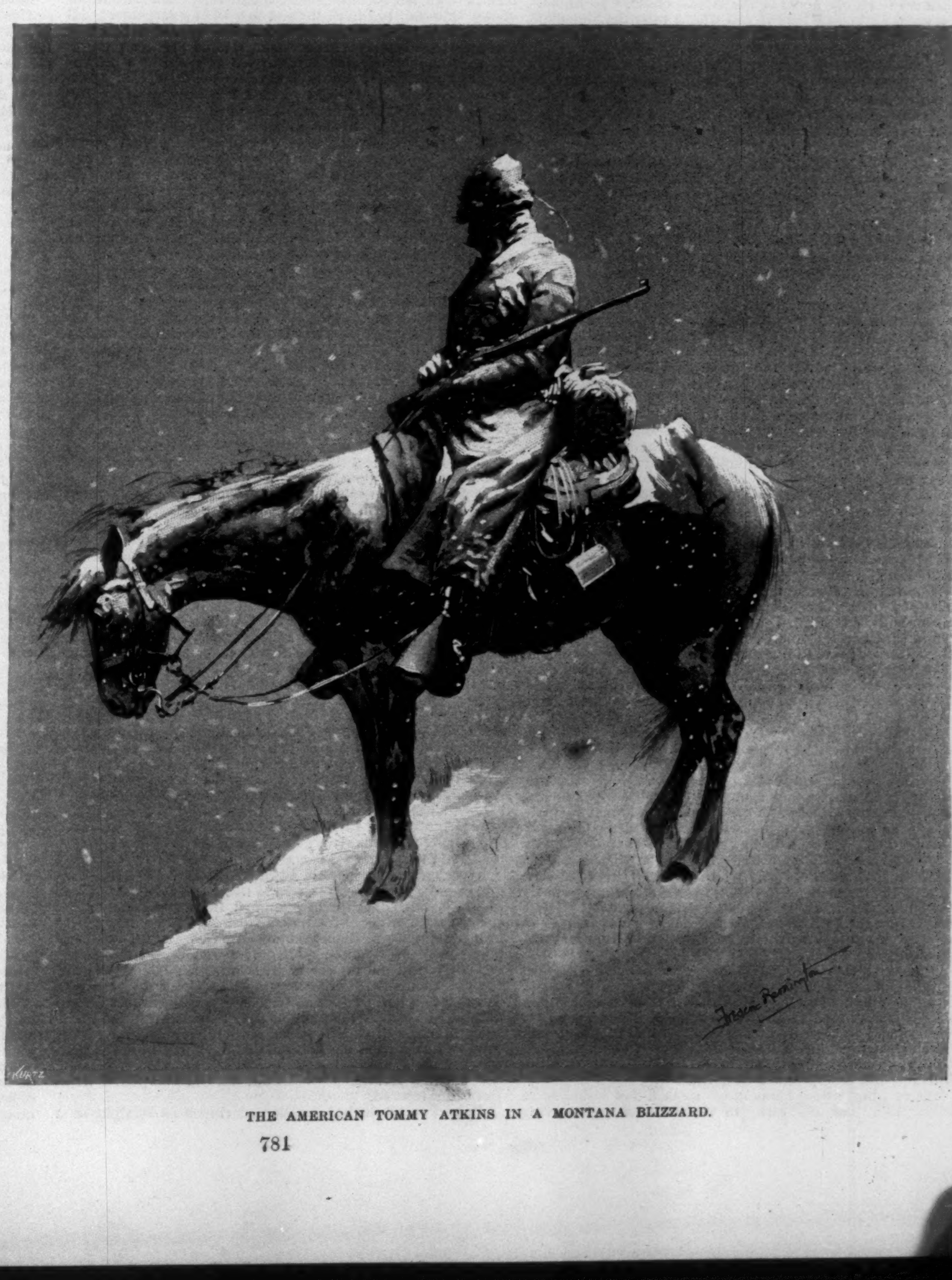
AT SET OF SUN.

THREE rays of light shot upward from the west,
Three golden rays, which lit the land and sea,
And lost themselves above in mystery.

The day had been a day of mist and rain,
The wind had sobbed in pitiful unrest;
And, like a heart within a weary breast,
The sea had throbbed, and Nature seemed to weep;
When suddenly these sun rays lit the plain,
And bathed the sea and soothed the sense of pain;
Lighting the dull gray skies with wondrous light
As golden as the hoard which misers keep.
From point to point I saw the warm life leap,
Until, the whole world lit, the single thought
Was that of Peace.
The world was not less bright
With the on-coming of the gentle night,
For the three beacons of the unseen sun
Within all hearts a work of gladness wrought.
It was the triumph of a fight long fought
With misery and gloom and sad despair,
And light had conquered all as day was done,
And hearts assailed by Doubt were still unwon.

For these three rays of glory were to me
The answer to the often-whispered prayer—
One Faith, one Hope, the other Love most fair;
The rays of God which light all misery.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.



THE AMERICAN TOMMY ATKINS IN A MONTANA BLIZZARD.

"A SHANGHAI ROMANCE."

(*Continued from page 779.*)

things, and her eagerness to enjoy, so different from the *blasée* girls to whom he had been accustomed.

One by one the officers stopped in for tea, two or three of the clubmen, and Lady Sanderson of the legation. The little drawing-room was alive with bright faces and gay chatter. Peggy, Jack Leggatt's keen eyes discovered, received all alike. She had a word for each about his or her particular hobby—to Captain White of the English navy on the riots of Chin-Kiang that he had been sent to quell; to a Russian lieutenant, of a poor officer they had lost at sea; to Lady Sanderson, of the Duke of Connaught's approaching visit.

Shortly after five the portières were drawn; the Admiral came slowly in. Then only did Leggatt detect a change in her face as she met her father, put her arm about his weather-beaten neck, and led him forward among their friends.

"Papa does not take tea," she said, as she deftly crumbled some thin bits of bread in a fine glass bowl, and added the milk and cream. "We are very old-fashioned people, and we cling to bread and milk."

She arranged his table with the dainty doilies, pushed up his chair, stood by while this darling of her life drank his milk, and told, in his simple, natural way, stories of his sea-life and hair-breadth escapes.

It was late in the twilight when the little company went their several ways. Leggatt was the last to leave. Going out into the cool evening air, he lighted his cigarette, and sauntered along the *bund* to the club for a game of pool before dinner, and thought, "How some man will love that child some day! but she—her father and her parrot are all she will ever care about!"

III.—THE SHANGHAI RACES.

The Shanghai season was at its gayest. Balls, dinners, teas, receptions, followed in quick succession. Theatre parties, bachelor breakfasts, hunting, and riding filled every hour of the day and night.

Peggy Carleton was the belle of the season, a favorite with the women and the men. The races, the event of the season, were at their height. Each day Peggy could be seen on the box of a drag, behind a pair of gamy little animals, tooling along the Bubbling Well road to the course.

All Shanghai, in tandems, coaches, and every available trap, was there. The grand stand was a mass of beautiful women in French gowns and bright colors. The men, in London clothes, were busy making up their books and getting up sweepstakes for the women to join.

In the paddock all was quiet. The little Chinese griffins seemed to realize the importance of their first race, the older stagers stood quietly waiting for the saddling-bell.

Guy Holliday was constantly with Miss Carleton, who never looked prettier than she did wearing his colors—the blue and white cap and jacket.

"I am riding my horse in the steeple-chase, you know, and it would bring me luck if you would wear the blue and white," he had said to her the week before, when he asked her to drive out with him.

As he predicted, they had brought him luck. Satsuma won the ladies' prize; and Peggy led him, quivering in every vein with the excitement of success, into the paddock. The rider, the favorite of the club, the track, and the town, was carried there on the shoulders of his friends amid cheers and shouts.

Leggatt, standing apart, watched the bright flush and changing lights come and go over Miss Carleton's face. Walking by her side, when the rush was over, he said, in his calm, steady voice:

"I congratulate you on your victory. You deserve to win for your loyalty to the rider. A fortunate chap that, to have won under such colors. I am off to the hills to-morrow to do some shooting, and am afraid that I shall not see you when I come down, so this will be good-by."

"'Good-by'?" she replied, in her soft voice. "We sailors never say that word. 'So long,' if you will, but you can't get rid of us as easily as that. We shall be cruising over again next winter. You have all been so good to us here; and Mr. Leggatt, do you know, though I have seen much less of you than some others, you seem to have done much more for me. I want to thank you for it. I shall never forget the sweet flowers you have sent me, and the glorious runs to hounds I've had with you; and some time, may I see your sketches? The men say you paint well. Next time when I come, I shall expect to hold a review of all that you have done."

So she rattled on from one thing to another, changing neither in tone nor look. He was content to have her so. Different from others, who showered their vapid smiles and invitations upon him, to be refused and unnoticed. From their first run to hounds together over the fields and across the ditches and timber, his heart went out to her as it had never done to another woman.

The son of a poor Colonel, he had shared the fate of younger sons, was hustled into the army, and was soon *en route* to China in the trooper *Gallatin* to relieve the 58th at Hong-Kong. He cared little where he landed, so long as he might have his sketch-book and pencil and be alone with nature. He cared nothing for society, was rarely seen at the balls or dances, and was content to hunt, shoot, and ride. He hated the conventionalities of life, was bored by the stupid jokes and *risque* stories of the mess-room. He cursed his luck generally that he should be losing years of study that might make him famous by loafing in the army.

Now his life seemed suddenly to be changing. He was so happy! It was a quiet change, with no wild passionate turmoil of mind or body, no great heart-throbbing, no wish to shout his happiness, or join with the boys at the club and drink for joy. It was a feeling of peace and contentment; of one who had found a young bird, and was hesitating to take it in his rough clasp lest he should frighten it away entirely, but lingered by the spot, held out his hands to it, reconciling it to his gentleness, until unbidden it should come to him for protection from the rough winds that blew about it. Then how he would cherish it, and keep it warm against his heart, and care for it with his life!

So he felt that she would come to him, when other thoughts, thoughts almost crushing in their cruelty, surged across his mind. His life, what was it, that he should ask this girl accustomed to all the luxuries of life to share his troubles, and to take upon her young shoulders his cares and worries, to endure a life of wandering from country to country, place to place, station to station, to accept the hardships and wretchedness of barrack life?

One evening, sitting alone in his room, a new vision arose before him. He saw, away in the future, Peggy moving about in his atelier in Munich, while he worked on a picture for some great man. Yes, that was it! Now, at last, the way was open to him. He would leave the army, go to Munich, study there, and after a bit fetch Peggy. He would have enough to begin life with. His pot-boilers alone would bring in a little income until Peggy's portrait in the Salon would make him famous.

He would ask Mrs. Campbell to take her up country with them in her house-boat. There, walking along the banks of the Soo-Chow Creek, beneath the quiet stars, away from the noise and clamor of the town, he would ask her to be his wife. This was his final determination, as he sat smoking his pipe of peace over a bright open fire in his study on the Nankin road.

It was a large square room, with balconies from which one could look on to the busy streets below. One corner was occupied with brushes, easel, and paints, the rest of the room was filled with curios of all sorts—embroideries brought from Kioto; a woven silk portière with white swans flying across a golden moon, with dull blue clouds in the distance, carelessly thrown across a divan; mats and tiger-skins from Corea; old sword-hilts, arrows, bits of armor from Japan. Porcelain curios from India and Arabia were carefully placed about; across the ceiling was artistically stretched an old net, bought from swarthy fishermen in the little fishing village of Tomioka. The great log fire burned cheerfully on the irons, where the copper tea-kettle sang its own giggy little song.

This was the corner in all the studio where Leggatt loved to linger. Here, on the high oak settle, Peggy and he sat together that evening after the hunt, and watched the kettle boil. She looked like a rose, in her brown habit and red tie, as she made his tea for him and moved about the room with the air of a princess. He could almost fancy her there now, as he threw his handsome head back upon the embroidered pillow that the Princesse de Chalmère had made for him, and slumbered off into oblivion.

IV.—A PAPER HUNT, SHANGHAI.

Of all the house-boat parties that go up Soo-Chow Creek, Mrs. Campbell's were far and away the most attractive. Her invitations were accepted with eagerness by all fortunate enough to receive them.

When a girl, she came to Shanghai with her mother and father, whose business obliged the latter to settle there. She grew up the favorite of that cosmopolitan circle, and married the man she loved on a salary of three thousand a year. They worked along together, helped one another over the hard fences of life, and with economy and care established themselves in a quaint little bungalow on the Nankin road. With two hunters, three fox-terriers, and two Chinese servants, they lived the happiest of lives in perfect harmony and *bon-camaraderie*.

Mrs. Campbell's reputation as a horsewoman was known throughout China. A shot from her rifle carried death in its swift flight. As keen on billiards, cricket, tennis, as any man in town, her accomplishments extended from the finesse of the ballroom to the plane and saw of the carpenter. It was difficult to tell in which rôle she showed to the best advantage. It was certain that there was no prettier picture around Shanghai than Mrs. Campbell, covered in a brown holland apron, sitting, tailor fashion, on the floor, the tips of her dainty little patent ties just escaping the blue dress, her tool-chest near, repairing locks and planing off the doors.

"This climate is too shocking on wood," she would say, looking up at you laughingly. "Dries it all up, and rusts all the locks. I thought I would just tinker them off a bit. You see, Will and I are saving up for a new hunter next fall, so I am just trying to economize in these little ways. They do count up so; and then I love carpentering."

When Peggy Carleton received a note asking her to join them, ride to the paper hunt, and go directly after the finish to the house-boat, she accepted at once.

The P.S., "Mr. Leggatt will stop for you, bring you to the meet, and go with us," conveyed for the first time to her quiet mind the thought how intensely stupid it would have been without him.

She did not stop to analyze it. It was enough that he was going. He was not like other men; he talked to her of dogs, of horses, or of art. He paid her no silly compliments as others did. She trusted him, was content to be near him, riding with him to hounds, following his lead over ditches and hurdles, and proud when, after every jump, he turned to see her safely over.

When Saturday morning came, clear and cold, the *amah* opened the blinds, let the sunlight into her room, and said: "*Amah* velly solly plitty day have got. *Amah* no wantchy Peggy san go top-side horsey. Suppose horsey go chop chop, tumble down, makey dead *amah's* baby san; *amah* too muchy cry." Whereupon tears of anticipation rolled down her burnt-ivory cheeks.

"Silly *amah!*" Peggy replied. "Do you suppose my horse would fall with me? Besides, I am going with Mr. Leggatt. He will not let anything happen. Come, comb my hair, and pack my things to send to the house-boat."

"Master Leggatt he go house-boat too. I think by-by you makey mally; he velly nice. *Amah* too much likey. Another day you putty wlish-bone over door, telly *amah*, 'Supposing gentleman come by-by, I mally gentleman.' Mr. Holliday he come that day. Him *amah* no likey; no letty go wlish-bone. *Amah* send him dining-room side. He No. 2 gentleman, no so good No. 1. Mr. Leggatt he come more late—come tea-time. *Amah* him makey go chop chop, drawing-room side under one piecey wlish-bone. Peggy san mally Leggatt san *amah* makey think."

By three o'clock Leggatt was on hand. He tightened Apology's girths, while Miss Carleton gave her hunter sugar, rubbed his sleek brown neck, and whispered to him to carry her safely over the furrows.

A spring from his strong hands, a moment to arrange her habit, and they were off to the meet.

Everybody rides in that far-away colony of souls. The ponies are gamy, thick-set, strong little brutes, and schooled to jump well. The great ploughed, furrowed fields, interspersed with timber, ditches, and creeks, form a fairly stiff hunting country. The farmers and their wives do what they can to prevent the sport. They cut deep holes along the course, fill the tops over with broken reeds and ferns, for the brutes to stumble into and break or maim a leg. They stretch barbed wire among the bushes and trees on the off side of a steep wide jump, tripping and sending pony and rider into the ditch, whose sides they have plastered with mud and clay from the bottom, making them impossible to scramble up again. It is rarely that serious accidents occur, and one may fall many times from the Chinese ponies without being injured.

Peggy, so far in her career, had ridden as straight as a die, taking everything, with her white teeth firmly set between her fresh red lips, always uttering low words of encouragement to her faithful Apology.

It was a glorious run. Fifty minutes they had been flying over the hardest bit of country around Shanghai. The sun was casting its evening shades over the eastern sky, the field keeping tight together, and Peggy well in the front. The last two great jumps came nearer; her spirits rose with the eagerness to be in at the finish. Leggatt's voice, turned from its natural softness to the sternness of command, warned her in vain not to attempt them. Over the first they flew, Apology catching his hoof in the underbrush, but freeing himself in time to make the final rush for victory. Rider and horse were one as they rushed along. Peggy's gentle voice urging him on. On they galloped, faster and faster; with one touch of her spur, one supreme effort, over they went across the great yawning gulf, and down with a crash together on the ground.

In an instant Leggatt was there where rider and horse lay motionless. He bent eagerly over her, lifted one arm from around her horse's neck, and carried her quickly away from the spot where her faithful hunter, game to the end, lay dead.

Instantly the awfulness of his position rushed over him. This child lying lifeless in his arms! Why does she not speak, not move, not show some sign of life? What if she were dying—were never to look up at him again, or to speak his name? In vain he talked to her, pleaded, called her name, kissed her eyelids, and rubbed her little hands. The field had ridden by, all eager for the finish. There was no one near to call upon, no one to help him. He felt responsible; she was with him, was in his care, and he had let her do this thing; and now it seemed hours that she lay there motionless, deaf to his pleading and his love. What if she were not to speak to him again—were to die there alone with him in the country about Shanghai?

In all his agony of suspense there flashed one spark of triumph; it was the thought that she was his, that he held her there in his arms, that it might have been Holliday or some other chap in his place, that it was his heart that hers was beating hard against. Dying or dead she could be taken from him alive never. If she was hurt he would nurse her back again to life, he would take care of her, and wait upon her.

With a sigh and a little clasp of her white fingers about his hand, she opened her eyes, looked up at him, made a little effort to free herself, and sank into unconsciousness, and when again she opened them, spoke his name, and tried to turn her face from his, closed them gently, and held his hand across them to give her one more moment of the old life, and time to realize the meaning of the new.

"Yes, you are here, my darling, safe in my arms. You were thrown; your horse bungled that last jump, your habit caught on the pommel, and you went down together, with your arm around his neck, dear, so. Are you hurt? Speak, darling? Peggy, child, are you hurt? Speak to me, little girl!"

In lifting her arm to put it about his neck (as she had herself placed it about her horse's), her lips grew purple, her mouth contracted, and a sharp cry of pain escaped her. Leggatt chafed her white hands between his own weather-beaten ones, wrapped her in his covert-coat, tied his muffler about her arm, and, with a woman's gentleness, pinned in place her coil of tumbled hair.

With her first glance about her she realized all. She was hunting, had come a cropper, and was there alone with Jack Leggatt bending over her, soothing her, speaking gentle words to her, smoothing her hair from her eyes, and calling her name. At once her spirit, keen always for sport, returned. "Oh, what a duffer I was to come off! Just at the finish, too. I think I can stand. Will you put me down, Jack? Get my horse, and we will go on. Yes, I am all right, truly. It is only my arm. Can't I, please, stand? It was good in you to stop. How did it happen? All I remember was hearing you shout to me, and I never minded you. You'll forgive me, will you not, and I'll do better next time? Come, put me down, and get my horse."

Leggatt hardly knew how to tell her that her horse she would never ride again. "Listen to me, sweetheart. You are mine now, and I am going to keep you. I have had quite enough of seeing you riding and dancing about with Holliday and those other chaps. You are going to ride with me now, always. Do you hear, dear? And I am going to carry you to the house-boat, have Parker see to your arm, and when we come back from up-country, I will get you the best hunter in Shanghai, and you shall—"

"The best hunter!" cried Peggy: a flash of the truth entered her brain. "Oh, Mr. Leggatt, tell me quickly, nothing has happened to my beautiful Apology? Tell me quickly, quickly, I say. Where is he? I want him now, this minute!"

"He is not here, my pet; the poor brute will never carry you again."

A sudden start, and she would have jumped from him. He held her firmly, and with one arm hanging listlessly down, the other of her own will coiled tightly around his neck, he walked steadily and carefully along through the evening twilight to the house-boat, kissed away her tears for the loss of her hunter, and let her sob her sorrow out on his shoulder.

V.—A HOUSE-BOAT PARTY—SOO-CHOW CREEK.

The house-boats are one of the principal features of Shanghai. They are made in all sizes and shapes, hold from two to twenty persons, and are yuled along by stalwart bronze-faced Chinamen, directed by the lowder. Miss Carleton had pictured a week's hard roughing it, under low decks, sleeping in hard bunks, picnicking along from day to day, instead of which, when they arrived at the boat, Leggatt laid her on a low soft divan among down pillows before a cheerful open fire.

The tea table was spread. Its linen and lace covers, cups and saucers—picked up in an old China town—bright silver, and fresh roses in a crystal bowl, resembled more a home boudoir than a Chinese boat-house in Soo-Chow Creek. Dr. Parker, sent for at the finish, rode along to examine the arm, which, happily, was only severely and painfully strained. A picture she made lying there among the cushions, the firelight playing hide-and-seek about her hair and face, the brown habit fitting every curve and line of her willowy figure, her one poor arm and white hand falling helplessly at her side, and the other playing with the teacup and saucer Leggatt was holding for her to sip from. Occasionally their hands touched, and her eyes dropped beneath the look of pride and triumph his fastened on her.

The lamps were lighted, the tea things disappeared, the birds' chatter and song ceased in the open window as they sang their little ones to sleep. The twilight faded into moonlight. The soft sleepy chant of the *yulahs'* "hish hosh, hish hosh, honta hunta, honta hunta," broke the stillness of the evening.

Mrs. Campbell went to her cabin to change from habit to dinner gown; Mr. Campbell was on deck smoking; Leggatt stopped below with Peggy.

"You did not mind my talking to you as I did in the field to-day, dear, did you? You see, it was just this way. I intended all along to play the heavy villain, to get you away off up here from those other chaps that were forever hanging about you, and not allow you to return until you had promised some day to marry me. Then that d— dear horse of yours hurried things up so, I couldn't help it, darling. I had you all to myself, and had to tell you, and when you began to cry, dear— Peggy, do you love me a little? For Heaven's sake, don't lie there looking at me so! Is this the way to treat an honest man who loves you better than his life? People said, when you to came to Shanghai, that you cared for no one but your father and your parrot. They told me also of other things—of offers of title and money you had rejected with a toss of your pretty head. I have neither to offer you, my darling—only my great love, that never before has been offered to another woman. I have studied you, dear, ever since we took our first run to hounds together. I have seen you in your own drawing-room, receiving, at balls, dinners, and receptions, with other men and with myself. Have you talked and been the same with others as with me, Peggy? Have you not felt easier when you have been with me? This is a mask that you are wearing, darling. Your heart is big, and true as steel. It wants care; it wants trust; and if you could only let it out, dear—give vent just once to the feelings that your will has kept pent up there for years! Of course it is hard at first, sweetheart; but I'll be so good to you. I'll help you, and you will not feel it. Trust me, Peggy, and come to me, little girl, and let me take care of you."

Miss Carleton's eyes were full of tears. It was just as he had pictured it. He knew her better than any one in the world. She was proud and independent; her will had never bent to another's. She had played with love, as a child does with a doll, soon getting tired, and glad to leave it and go with her father to other ports. She had fluttered about the flame, but until now had never felt its warmth.

As she lay among her pillows in the fire-light listening to his words as he held her hands in his, she felt a trust and confidence in him that she dared not think for another. He told her of his plans, of the atelier in Munich, and of her picture which he would paint as he saw her there by the twilight. And when he rose to go and dress for dinner, it was she who called him back to her and said, "I want to tell you something." Lowering his handsome head she put her arm around his neck, drew him close to her, and whispered, "I do love you, Jack; and you are just the dearest, darlingest old thing in the world."

Peggy was not allowed to come to dinner that evening. Leggatt sat where he could see her, and insisted upon taking her tray to her himself, and he put a flower from the centre-piece in her hair.

They sat late over the pretty table, with its shaded lamps and sweet roses. Ten o'clock sounded, and a walk before turning in was proposed. They were already miles from the busy city. The lights far in the distance sparkled like diamonds. The stars looked down upon them as they walked along the bank; "the yellow eye of night" shone its brightest to guide them on their way. The air was sweet with wild violets and ferns; branches of trees met above them in a triumphal arch.

The days passed quickly by, and were spent shooting about the country, returning at sunset, yuled to sleep at night, to be landed in "fresh fields and pastures new" in the morning. They idled a fortnight in the *dolce far niente* of house-boat existence, when the banks of Jessfield appeared in the distance; a few minutes' drive down the Bubbling Well road, and their happy party would separate, to meet again under altered and stranger circumstances.

VI.—A TYPHOON.

The hardest trial of Peggy Carleton's as yet unbroken life was parting with Jack Leggatt. Too young to have experienced the crosses that increasing years bring with them, her life was one of sunshine; no cloud darkened its horizon; pleasant duties were hers; charming people were around her; true friends were her associates. As the Admiral's daughter, brought up alone with her father (her mother died in her infancy), her life was passed all over the world. Now her heart seemed bound tight in an iron vise, as she stood upon the quarter-deck of the *Tennessee* waving her handkerchief, and straining her eyes to see the jinrikisha carrying him steadily out of her sight.

Tears were in her *amah's* voice as she tried to soothe her, leading her below to her cabin.

"No cry, baby san; master chop chop come Hong-Kong side. More better letty *amah* bathe plitty face. There, no cly, dear; no cly, dear. *Amah* no wantchy cly. What for flashion naughty Leggatt san makey baby cly?"

So she quieted her precious charge, and left her tucked away to rest, while she glided away to the galley to talk matters over with the cook.

They steamed through the Chinese waters under the stars and stripes, with a good breeze and sails spread to speed them on their watery way. Peggy's days passed slowly by, as she lay among the pillows of her steamer chair and listlessly watched the sea-gulls hovering in the flag-ship's wake, while her restless little foot kept time to the music of the fleet band practising below-decks. The officers flitted to and fro. The brass-work was made to shine like gold under the strong hand of Jack Tar. Awnings spread, decks holy-stoned, and all seemed fair for a quick, smooth run into Hong-Kong.

Not until the sunset hour did dark wet clouds overtake them. What at first was a ripple became a breeze. A breeze turned into a gale, and a gale into a typhoon. Four days they struggled against its force. It lashed the ship like some toy steamer round and round in its fury. Hatches were closed, sails reefed, with no one on deck save those whose duty it was to be there. Boats were cut adrift, and sunk within sight of the officer of the bridge. The cattle were thrown about, with legs broken, and were shot to relieve their suffering.

Anxiety was stamped upon each and every face. And finally, able to keep away no longer, the Admiral started for the bridge.

Peggy in vain called him to return, but, like an old war-horse, the scent of the battle was too strong. He felt he must himself join in it, and feeling his way step by step, steadying himself by clinging to the hatchways, he mounted the ladder to the bridge, which for one instant only held him 'twixt the deep and heaven.

A rush as of thunder, a creaking of cordage and groaning of machinery, and one great sea swept over him and the quartermaster, who stood near.

Shouts of "Man overboard!" followed, to be hurriedly changed to the muffled cry of "The Admiral! The Admiral!"

Boats were lowered, engines stopped, but from the darkness no voice responded to the calls; no arms stretched forth to clasp the life-buoy, nor was any form seen by those who gallantly volunteered to go into the life-boat and perhaps give their own lives up by so doing for the love of their commander-in-chief.

Eight bells for midnight sounded; the storm was at its height, and the engines ordered ahead; the search was given up. He had been taken from their stormy path; his anchor cast into the clear blue sea of eternity.

Lieutenant Norris was chosen in the wardroom to break the terrible news to that poor child above, whom he found in her berth, where she preferred to stop, safely wedged in by pillows, rather than run the risk of being thrown about the cabin.

It was the hardest task he had ever been ordered to execute. She looked so small and white and helpless, lying there with her hand clasped in her *amah's*. If she had only cried out in her pain, sobbed, or shown some sign of grief! She lay like stone, and listened to this man as he told her of her loss; and when he had finished, her eyes were closed; her hand made one slight motion for him to leave her, and she fell back upon her pillows as one dead.

No words of love which *amah* showered upon her could arouse her from her trance. She nursed her as if she had been a child. She took her in her arms, soothed her, and in her eagerness to console her fell into her native language, and poured out her poor heart in sympathy and love to her. She tried to awaken her, to make her speak and show some sign of life; and holding a cup of tea by her side, and lifting her gently up, she said: "Come, *amah's* darling, makey eat. Master Leggatt talky *amah*. Takey care his little girl. Suppose he come chop chop Hong-Kong side, take care you. You no wantchy catch sick. There, darling! *Amah* tell master you good baby san."

The mention of his name and the thought of his coming to her brought one faint hope back to her broken heart. She took the tea and tried to drink it, and giving it back to *amah*, spoke for the first time: "Lock the cabin door, and let no one in. Sit there by me; do not leave me, and do not speak to me." And then she put her arms around her neck, kissed the brown cheek of this her one companion, and again lay back, with eyes closed, deaf to all words of comfort.

VII.—HONG-KONG.

Battered, beaten, and almost dismantled, with the flag flying at half-mast, the ship came to anchor at Hong-Kong. Peggy had not left her cabin since the night of the typhoon. She lay there, white and rigid, staring with great hollow eyes at the familiar beams and bolts. *Amah* was unceasing in her devotion. She had hardly left her darling's side, but Peggy scarcely noticed her. She was too stunned and dazed to suffer much; all her faculties were too much paralyzed for that. It is thus that Providence benumbs deep natures when a great blow comes.

The ship had hardly cast anchor when boats began to come and go from shore, telegrams were sent, orders given and received, and the whole mechanism of the squadron re-adjusted to the new order of things.

The British Admiral, Sir Francis Melville, and his wife were the first to come on board. Lady Melville had met Peggy before, and she hastened to her now.

Lieutenant Norris came himself to Peggy's cabin. *Amah* met him at the door.

"Tell Miss Peggy," he said, "that Lady Melville wishes to see her."

"Lady Melville no can do," she answered, after a minute's absence.

The officer hesitated. "Let me see her myself, *amah*," he said. "She must not lie there like that any longer."

Amah let him pass, and he went into Peggy's cabin, up to her bed, took her cold little hand in his. She looked at him with no gleam of recognition in her eyes.

"Peggy," he said, gently, "you must get up and see Lady Melville. She has come to take you home with her."

"I can't," she murmured, listlessly.

The tears rose in his eyes. He had daughters of his own at home, and he had sailed with the Admiral on many a former cruise. He loved him as a son, and there seemed no word that he could give to this poor stricken child.

"Peggy," he said, after a minute, "did you ever know *him* flinch at his duty? Did he ever put it off or shirk it?"

"Never," she answered, in a firm voice. "He never did."

"Do you want to show that you are his daughter, Peggy? That you have the same brave spirit, the same dauntless courage? Do you want to do what he would have you do? Then let me help you up. Remember, you are his daughter; then act as his daughter should."

Peggy half rose. She was very white, but there was a gleam of resolution in her face. "Leave me with *amah*," she said. "I will be ready soon."

He waited for her, the tears filling his eyes every few minutes as he thought of the friend he had lost and the poor broken-hearted girl left all alone.

Presently Peggy appeared. She was dressed to leave the ship, and *amah* carried her dressing-case. Lady Melville was as tender with her as a mother. Her sedan-chairs were waiting on the *hatoba*, and she wanted to take her to her heart and home.

The officers were all on deck, but Peggy could not speak to them. At the gangway she paused and gave one look at the dear old ship—her father's ship and hers—then, with a great sob rising in her throat, she went over the side and left it forever.

They steamed across the water in the Admiral's launch, past Chinese junks, with their queer sails bent and strange crew managing them.

The coolies expected them, and stood there, with their big straw hats, like large mushrooms, held in their hands. Their heads were shaved, with the exception of the long cues, neatly braided and hanging to their heels, and were bowed in respect.

Their feet were bare, and hard as leather. They wore a livery of black and yellow. Black loose trousers, and coats with wide sleeves, and yellow sashes with Lady Melville's monogram in silver in the middle of the back, between the shoulders.

Peggy stepped listlessly into the chair of black lacquer, with dull gold trappings and brocade cushions. The long poles were swung easily on to the shoulders of the bronze-faced coolies, who tramped noiselessly along King's Road, gay with shops and people. Sikh policemen, with forms tall and straight as arrows, faces dark as night, great red capotes on their heads and great hoops in their ears, walked leisurely about. The streets were full of flowers—roses, heliotrope, and mignonette. They swung along the steep hills on which the Eastern city is built, through narrow Chinese streets full of bright-faced little children, happy in the dirt and filth of Chinese life. They climbed the asphalt roads, along cliffs overlooking the sea, and lined along their sides with tropical foliage and flowers. It seemed all night and darkness to Peggy, and when they glided through the grounds and stopped before the great white stone steps, she would have made no motion to alight had *amah* not quickly jumped from her chair in the rear, and hurried forward to her support, almost carried her to her room.

It seemed but a few hours when Lady Melville came to her door, her hands full of telegrams. The news had fled over the East, messages of sympathy and love were coming in return. There were telegrams from all her Shanghai friends, among them a long message from Guy Holliday. He should come to her by the next steamer, he said, and the telegram was full of love and sympathy. Peggy smiled faintly, "How good he is!" she murmured. But it was Jack Leggatt's message that she held in her hand the longest, and finally tucked under her pillow. His message was shorter and apparently colder; he was not a man who could send endearing words by telegraph. He also was coming by the next steamer.

"I will wait," said Peggy; "I will not die until he comes. Oh, Jack, dear Jack, I could almost bear it if you were here!"

The news of the Admiral's death had created much excitement in many quarters of Shanghai. Agnes Campbell was stirred to the depths of her warm little heart.

"We will send for her to come right to us, won't we, Will?" she said. "I have always wanted another little room opening off the library. Let's have it built right away, so it will be ready for her. There is stuff enough in the bungalow to furnish it. I don't suppose she has a penny in the world, poor child, but we will get along somehow. I'll just hunt Scamp another year, if she is getting uncertain in the front legs, and—well, I know we can manage."

So this dear little home was offered to Peggy at once, and the thought of all the kindness and love that were waiting for her cheered the poor girl wonderfully. The news was a terrible shock to Jack Leggatt. It seemed to shatter all his dreams.

He had asked Peggy to marry him, knowing that he had very little to offer her, but hoping soon to carve out a better fortune for himself.

It had not seemed much to ask her to wait, leading her happy life, sheltered by her father's love and care, while he made a place for himself in the world of art. Now all was changed. How could Peggy wait for him, alone and homeless? Should he marry her at once?

His heart leaped at the thought. If he did, he must stop in the army, and that other life, of which he dreamed, was closed forever. And, after all, what would he bring to Peggy? The hard life of a young officer's wife living in the barracks here and there, always on the march, poor, and without a home.

He groaned when he thought of it. He hated himself to think that he had won her love with nothing better to offer her in this life than this. It seemed to him that he had wronged her cruelly.

He thought of her, as he had done before, as a bird whom he had coaxed to come to him, to nestle in his hand. He felt instead of protecting it he had closed his hand and crushed the trusting thing.

He did not know that Guy Holliday was going to Hong-Kong. He met him on the steamer, and it gave him something to think of. Here was a man having everything that he lacked, who loved Peggy, and was evidently going to offer it all to her. Oh, but Peggy loved him; she wouldn't look at Holliday! His heart warmed as he thought of her, his loyal darling.

And yet was it right? Why was not Holliday's love as good as his? He could do infinitely more for her. Why should he stand in the way of this prosperous lover? He resolved to give Peggy her freedom, and let her choose between them.

Both men were on deck the first night out. They sat together smoking. It was the first chance they had had for any talk.

"This is a terrible business, Leggatt, is it not?" said Holliday. "It drives me almost mad when I think of that poor child."

"Yes," answered Leggatt, slowly. "It will be a terrible blow to her."

"Leggatt," said Guy Holliday, suddenly, looking him squarely in the face, "let us understand one another. We both care for that girl, and we are both going over there to help her. I am her friend, however things turn out; I would like to be something more to her than that. Now I want to know, old man, if there is anything between you two that stands in the way of my telling her—well, of my offering myself, in fact. Now is there, old chap?"

Leggatt's eyes were fixed on the distant sea. He felt the frankness and manliness that showed itself in Holliday's face, although he never looked at him. Should he let any word of his stand in the way of this free happy life that would open to Peggy with Holliday's offer?

"No," he said, after a second, "there is no reason why you should not tell her what you want to."

"Thank you, Jack," said Holliday, "I do not mind a fair and square refusal, but there is no sense in bucking one's head against a stone wall for nothing. I have no idea she cares for me; she never seemed to care for anybody; but it's worth trying."

"Yes," answered Leggatt, mechanically, "I think it is worth trying."

Holliday looked at him curiously. "She must have rejected him, poor chap," he thought.

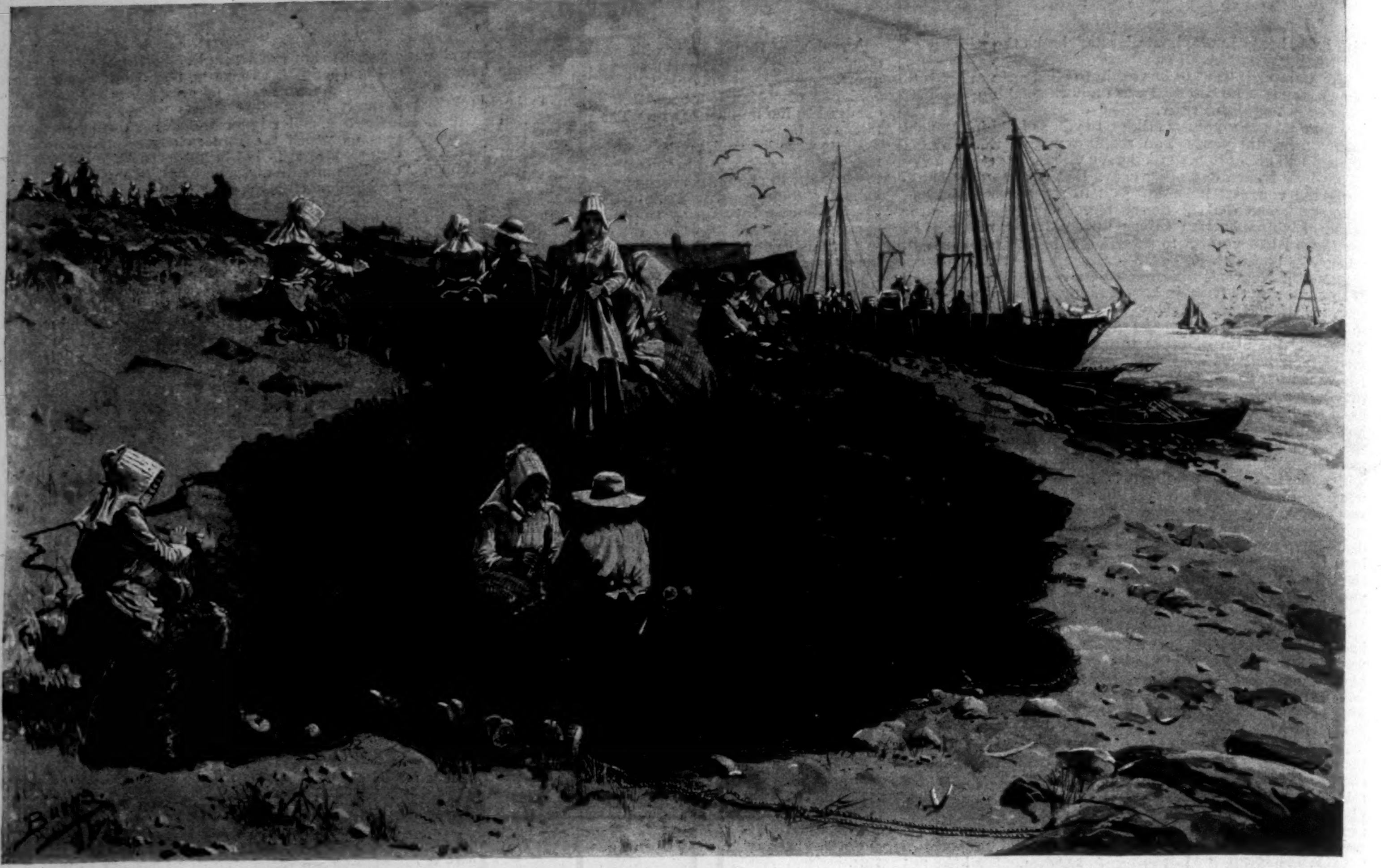
Jack Leggatt passed a terrible night. What had he done? Given another man permission to propose to his promised wife? That did not seem very honorable, surely; and yet he had tried so hard to do the right thing for Peggy. Oh, Peggy! If he could only see her, it would be all right!

It was evening when the *Teheran* steamed into Hong-Kong Harbor. Leggatt hurried over the side, and was met on the *hatoba* by a sergeant bringing him orders from headquarters. His regiment was ordered home. He was obliged to go and report at once, and it was after ten o'clock when he was free to go to Peggy.

"It is too late to see her to-night, I am afraid," he said, as he pulled out his watch.

But he went to Lady Melville's. He could not keep away.

He walked by the house once or twice before he ventured



NET-MENDING OFF THE MAINE COAST.—DRAWN BY M. J. BURNS.—[SEE PAGE 786.]

to go in. It seemed so cruel to disturb the poor child; and yet, late as it was, he *must* see her.

The Chinese butler eyed him suspiciously, and said, shortly, "Missey no can do, top side have got makey sleep," and Leggatt turned sadly away.

It was well that he did not know that Holliday, who left the ship with him, had spent an hour with Peggy. He had hurried to her at once, only stopping on the way to get a great bunch of English violets. Peggy was waiting not for him, but for Jack Leggatt. She had heard the gun fired at nine o'clock, and knew the ship was in.

When Holliday's card and flowers came in, she turned to say she could not see him, and then checked herself, thinking he might bring her some word from Jack. So she went to meet him, looking very fair and lovely in her long black dress, and carrying his violets in her hand.

Guy Holliday rose and took both of her hands in his. "I cannot tell you"—he began, and then his voice broke; he could not finish his sentence; he could only look his love and sympathy.

"It is good of you to come," said Peggy; and she too turned her eyes away, and because their hearts were so very full, there was a moment of utter silence. "Tell me of Shanghai," she said, presently. "Are they all well there?"

"Yes," answered Holliday. "Jack Leggatt came over with me. I half expected to find him here, though I do not see how he could have come much quicker than I. It was after eight when we came to anchor. He will be along presently."

Peggy did not answer. She was conscious of a feeling of resentment that Jack Leggatt should have allowed another man to outstrip him in the race to get to her first.

"Leggatt looks seedy," continued Holliday, cheerfully. "Poor chap! I fancy things have gone rather badly with him. But he told me something that made me feel very happy."

"Did he?" inquired Peggy, languidly.

"Yes; he told me there was nothing between you and him, and it made me feel happy, because, do you know, Peggy, I thought there was, and if there was, of course there was no chance for me. Now I can tell you freely how much I love you, and how I wait to take care of you. Peggy, do you think you could love me a little in time?"

Peggy had heard but one sentence. She sat up very straight, and her eyes blazed. "He told you what?" she demanded.

"Why, I asked him if there was anything between you that would prevent me speaking to you, and he said no. I think he meant" (he blundered on, still thinking that she had refused Leggatt) "that if there had been, it was all over. He was very nice about it. He wanted evidently to give me a fair chance."

"How good in him!" murmured Peggy, behind her clinched teeth.

"Yes," continued Holliday, "he is a good sort. Of course if there had been, I would only have asked to be your friend. Now I want to be more. May I, Peggy?" He tried to take her hand, but she pulled it away.

"Oh!" she cried. "What can I say? It is all so sudden! So many terrible things have happened! I will not marry any one! I hate you all! I only want my father, my father!"

She laid her head back against her chair and sobbed.

"Oh, you poor little girl!" he cried. "I think I am a brute to come and worry you now. Let it pass, dear; let it all pass, and some time a little later we will talk of it again."

She raised her face, the teardrops glistening in her eyes. "You are so good to me," she said, slowly, "and I thank you. I think I am very tired to-night; some other time, perhaps, not now. Good-night; and indeed I do thank you for everything."

He raised her hand to his lips, and kissed it quietly. "Good-night, darling," he said; "and God bless you!"

She sat where he had left her, and waited for Jack Leggatt. Why did he not come? Why could he not get away as soon as Guy Holliday? What did it mean, his telling him that there was nothing between them? It seemed as if she should go mad. She waited until ten, until half past ten. Then she could endure it no longer.

"I am going to bed," she said to Lady Melville. "I can see no one else, my heart is aching so."

She went up stairs, threw herself on her bed in a perfect passion of weeping. *Amah* bathed her face, and tried to soothe her.

"Oh, darling, you no makey cly. By-by master come; he too muchey likey; no letty cly. *Amah* think he chop chop makey mally. No cly, baby san; master san soon come ally samey papa san!"

And while she was pouring out her sympathy, the bell rang, and the butler's words sent Jack Leggatt back to the Hong-Kong hotel with a heavy heart.

In the morning he came again. He had not slept all night, and one thing alone was clear in his mind. He must see Peggy face to face, and all would once more be right.

He held out his arms and went to her as she came into the room, but she did not go to him for refuge, as she would have done the night before. She was very pale, but there was a gleam of the old spirit in her eyes, and her red lips were firmly set. He would have kissed her, but she drew back.

"Not just yet, Jack," she said. "There are some things that we must talk over first. Sit down and let us understand one another. Guy Holliday was here last night. He managed to get to me within an hour after the steamer anchored."

"Oh, Peggy!" interrupted Leggatt. "My orders met me on the *hatoba*. I had to report at once. Our regiment is going home. Nothing, you know, but my duty would have kept me from you."

"Oh, well," she went on, "it does not matter. Guy told me you said to him coming over that there was nothing between us, and so, why should you come to see me at all?"

"By Heaven, Peggy, I never told him anything of the kind! I said—"

"Well, what did you say?"

"I said there was nothing between us that should hinder him from offering himself to you. Peggy, don't you see? It is all so different now. It did not seem to me I had the right to stand in the way of all he had to give you. Oh, Peggy, I love you so that I want you to be perfectly happy! I wanted you, at least, to have the chance to choose another life. I intended to see you first, dear, and set you free, and then, if he could have made you happy—" He stopped abruptly, and looked at her.

"I am afraid I do not understand," she said, coldly. "I do not see why I should be passed from one man to another just because—because I have no father now."

"It is not that, darling. But don't you see? What can I do for you now? Can I ask you to wait two or three or more years, while I make a place for myself? I cannot do that, Peggy. If we marry at all, it must be now, at once."

He stopped and looked at her. The blood surged in her cheeks, but she held her head proudly, and looked at him defiantly.

"Oh, why does he not ask me?" her heart was saying. "Does he not know that I would follow him to the world's end? But I will not—I will *not*—tell him so unless he asks me first."

Jack Leggatt's eyes fell beneath her steady gaze. "She has never loved me," he thought, "or she would show it now. Yes," he said, slowly, "I could not ask you to marry me now. It is impossible."

He longed to have her contradict him, to tell him how possible it would be, and how gladly she would do it, but Peggy was too proud for that.

"Quite impossible," she repeated, slowly; and it seemed as if her heart died in her at the words.

"I thought you would think so," he went on, constrainedly; "and so, Peggy, I set you free. I cannot ask you now to wait for a poor miserable devil without a penny or prospect in the world."

"Perhaps it is better," she said, bitterly; and then added, lightly: "It was pleasant while it lasted, but I agree with you that it would better end now. When do you leave for home?"

"For Heaven's sake, don't speak to me like that!" he cried.

"You are hard to suit," she said, calmly. "One minute you tell me I am free, and the next you blame me for speaking as if I were."

He looked at her helplessly. "I cannot make you understand," he began.

But she interrupted him. "No, you cannot, and I think it would be better for us both if this miserable scene were over."

"Peggy, you shall not speak to me like that. You shall not treat me so—I who love you with my whole heart and soul. No man ever loved a woman more than I love you."

But Peggy's spirit was aroused. Weary, overstrained, and excited, she had waited for him, her tower of strength, and he failed her. He calmly proposed that she should marry another man. She would never forgive him.

"Good-by," she said; "and I hope all your affairs may be as pleasant while they last." And before he could detain her she had left the room, and he stumbled out like one gone suddenly blind.

When Guy Holliday came again to her, he found a different girl from the one he left so short a time before; very quiet, very calm and composed, but with a certain something missing in her face and voice—a something that never in all her life came back again.

"I will be perfectly frank with you," she said. "I do not love you. I do not love any one. My heart is like a stone; my life seems ended and broken; but if this poor dead thing is worth the taking, you may have it. I loved a man once, but—that is over now."

"Yes, sweetheart," said the unconscious Holliday. "That was your father, and I am content to be second to him always."

So they were married.

Peggy Carlton made a lovely wife, but her friends all said that she had never been the same since her father died. She became quiet, with a quietness that was almost listlessness.

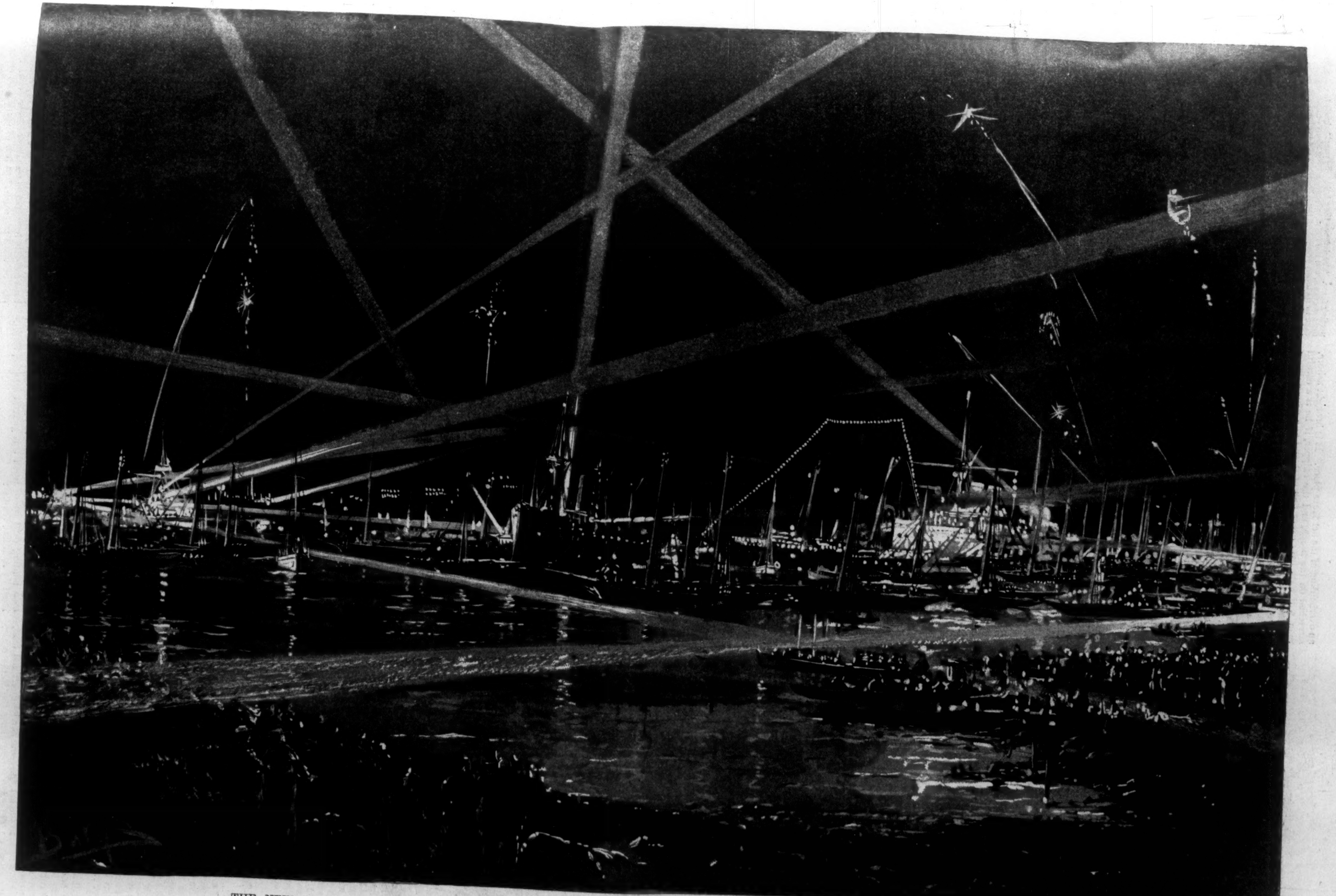
Guy took her back to Shanghai, where people could not do enough for her. His calm, steady devotion to her was noticed by them all. They drove together, and walked together, but two things she would never do—she would not allow him to buy a house-boat that he much wanted, and when he spoke of hunting in the fall, she said that she had lost her nerve, and would not ride again.

Three years after he took her to India, and from there around the world. For a time her old spirit and interest seemed to revive. They were in Paris. She was to spend her morning at the Salon. He was to meet her there at one o'clock. She strolled about with her catalogue in her hand. Suddenly she came upon a picture that made her heart bound, and then stand still. It was the interior of a boat daintily filled and appointed. In an instant she knew it was Agnes Campbell's house-boat, and in the figure lying on the divan before the fire-light, gazing dreamily into the flames, she recognized herself.

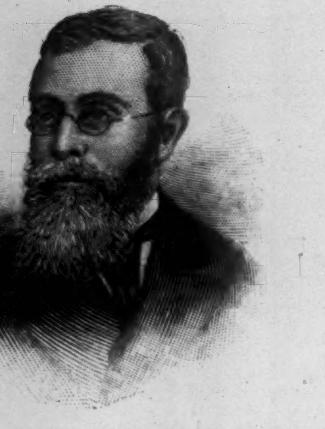
"He has painted it at last," she murmured. "He said he would;" and she looked long and earnestly at it, while her memory painted for her another picture on the far-off Soo-Chow Creek. She was still looking at it when her husband found her.

"Why, darling," he said, following her eyes, "it looks like you. It is very like you." He took the catalogue from her, but she drew it out of his hands again. "Let me have it, dear," he said; "I want to find out who the artist is."

"No, do not look," she said, rising. "I never want to know his name."



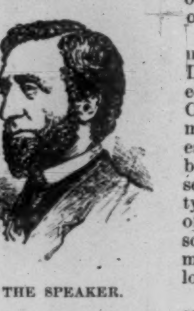
THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB FLEET AT NEW LONDON, OFF PEQUOT HOUSE, AUGUST 3D.—DRAWN BY M. J. BURNS.—[SEE PAGE 775.]



LORD SALISBURY'S "BLACK MAN."

THE NEW ENGLISH PARLIAMENT.

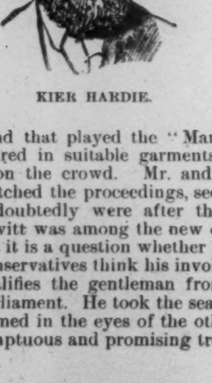
Parliament opened on August 4th, at two o'clock in the afternoon, but one of the new members of the House was on hand at half past seven in the morning. so as not to lose anything. Lord Randolph Churchill, however, holds the first place for previousness, as he was returned unopposed, and for three hours constituted in his own person the whole of the House of Commons by priority of election.



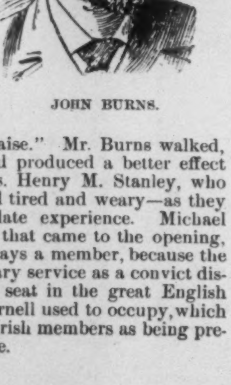
THE SPEAKER.

There are some interesting figures in the new House. Sir Charles Dilke is one of them. He is called by the cynical members of the Carlton Club "one of Gladstone's moral victories." One of the youngest men in the House is J. A. Chamberlain, son of the Honorable Joseph Chamberlain, a youth of twenty-four, brilliant, popular, and full of promise. He wears an eye-glass, something very few smart young men do in England nowadays, and looks like his father.

There are lots of curious and quaint people in the new House. The most interesting man is probably Mr. Naoroji, a Hindoo, who travels under the name of "Lord Salisbury's black man." He isn't black—only he isn't white—but his election is the outcome of Lord Salisbury's unfortunate speech, in which he spoke of him as a "black man," and thereby enraged all the people with whom we are acquainted through Mr. Kipling. Mr. Naoroji won in Central Finsbury, and all the dignitaries of the empire have been simply delighted with the victory, enriching the telegraph company by deluging the Hindoo member with congratulations. There are two representatives of labor among the members—John Burns, the agitator of Hyde Park, and Kier Hardie. This latter person came to Parliament dressed as a laborer and driving a four-in-hand, accompanied by a howling crowd and a brass band that played the "Marseillaise." Mr. Burns walked, attired in suitable garments, and produced a better effect upon the crowd. Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Stanley, who watched the proceedings, seemed tired and weary—as they undoubtedly were after their late experience. Michael Davitt was among the new ones that came to the opening, but it is a question whether he stays a member, because the Conservatives think his involuntary service as a convict disqualifies the gentleman from a seat in the great English Parliament. He took the seat Parnell used to occupy, which seemed in the eyes of the other Irish members as being presumptuous and promising trouble.



KIER HARDIE.



JOHN BURNS.

NET-MENDING OFF THE MAINE COAST.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

You might figure a great deal over Mr. Burns's sketch, "Net-mending off the Maine Coast." Maine excels all the other New England States in the quantity and excellence of her fish preparations. She cures herrings, she cans them, utilizing many other varieties of fish caught along her shores, and so she is making nets every day, setting them, hauling them, and tearing them. Run over some totals like these, of a yearly catch in Maine, of 26,365,087 pounds of herring, with 1,045,000 pounds of smelts, with 11,000,000 pounds of menhaden, not counting other fish, and then the value of nets can be appreciated, which, whether as seines, gill-nets, fyke, or trap nets, cost the Maine fishermen some $480,000 a year.

A gill-net, used for herrings, is a big apparatus, and may be 20 fathoms long by 3 deep, and with a mesh varying from 2¼ to 2¾ of an inch. The net has to be a strong one, for at certain seasons when fish are abundant, if the net is not properly made and of the best material, from the weight of the catch it will be ruined. Besides the fish which may add their weight to the net, the seine carries floats and lead, or stone killicks. Tides are strong along the Maine coast, and then there are thresher-sharks and dog-fish, with other marine creatures, which seem to take a perverse pleasure in gashing nets.

No sooner does the smack land after her trip than at once an overhauling of the net takes place. It is brought ashore, stretched on the beach, and the skipper, if he is a careful man, will walk over every foot of it, and at a glance detect not alone the holes which are plainly visible, but the places where a rupture looks possible. The hauling-ropes are inspected. They will chafe; for the skipper knows how he has seen a load of silver fish almost raised out of the water, when the hauling-rope parted, and all his labor was lost.

If the skipper is a family man, with a wife and daughters, they await his coming, all ready with their netting-needles, and as certain instruments never change, these Maine girls ply exactly the same form of needle as did their Egyptian sisters some 4000 or 5000 years ago. Sometimes when fish are plenty, and the captain anxious to get after fish again, a dozen men and women may be seen at work at the same time on the net. It is a bothering occupation, requiring much more skill than is supposable, and you may often hear a girl say, "It's a tarnal sight wuss mendin' a broken net than ter make a new one."

Net-mending may or may not be a trysting-ground, but bright, honest girls do show preferences as to the sailor lads who are to help them at their tasks; for when the net is fresh from the sea, and has to be handled quickly, it is no light weight, and here the muscular fishing lad relieves the girl who is working with him of some of her labor. There are, if the weather be fine, pleasant chatter and merry peals of laughter, which come from net-menders, and perhaps the older women or the spinsters do actually more work than the girls. But whether the task is lightened with fun and jokes, nothing about the net is slighted; for a rotten net or a badly mended one means to these hard-working men and women considerable money loss. On Monhegan, along its beaches and shingles, many a net is stretched, and just such a pretty picture as Mr. Burns has sketched is presented. The tide has been running out, and the dories are stranded. The little schooner, with her load of herring, was in with the dawn. Her fare has been delivered, put up for shipment to the cannery. The little wharf is slimy with the fish. The nets have been on the sands some hours, and they will be properly mended by the next tide. The women and girls, in their sun-bonnets, have been hard at work. One of them, with her box in hand (for in that receptacle she keeps her two or three needles, maybe a marline-spike, some bits of leather, a big ball or so of cotton twine, and a knife), is leaving a demure mender to join a friend and her friend, who have apparently their hands full. She may be intrusive, for over a broad expanse of net there may be spots which are quite isolated or exclusive. Anyhow, the net has to be mended, and the quicker it is done the better.

THE NAVAL RESERVES.

The Naval Reserves of New York and Massachusetts have emerged safely from the troubled deeps of experiment, and have taken a stable situation among the effective militia of the country. They have not had an easy time of it, no privileges of the favored bantling having been theirs; they have from the first been banged and battered, keelhauled and driven to leeward by State authorities, but the grit and intelligence were with them, and by this year's work they have justified their right to live. The divisions have withstood without serious damage, and surely with great credit, the strain of life on shipboard, and have so far fortified the theories of their organizers, and so much impressed the Doubting Thomases of State and municipal government, that some decent material aid (let us hope a floating armory) is to be given them. The exercises were of a severely practical nature, the conditions were in a few days more rigorous perhaps than those of actual warfare, and the results were encouragingly commendable.

The New York contingent, made up of four city divisions, and subsequently of one from Rochester, began the week's drill by unmooring the old liner *New Hampshire*. This relic of the sailing era had been diverted from her station in ordinary at New London to serve as a "guards" or receiving ship for what the reporters delight to euphemize as the "embryo tars," the "amateur sailors"—all of which the Reserves are not. The old vessel is a bulky, bandy, high-sided, many-decked craft, shaped much like a three-legged serving-mallet, but as a temporary lodging and messing place she suited her purposes admirably. The flag-ship *Chicago*, Acting Rear-Admiral Walker, and the cruiser *Atlanta*, Captain Higginson, joined her at the anchorage in a bight of the Lower Bay, which trends eastward under the flat shores of the Dyke, Bath Beach, and Bensonhurst to the sand dunes of beery and boisterous Coney Island. Man-of-war routine was immediately established, and the refinements of an unknown discipline were vigorously insisted upon and secured. The Reserves turned to with a vim, and if the heartiness with which in the beginning they scrubbed decks, polished up various bright bits carefully, stood watches, pulled boats, stowed hammocks, and rallied around more or less disorganized mess tables, was tempered later by the familiarity that cloys, by the experiences which chasten if they do not cheer, yet it is much to say no serious breaches of discipline were reported. In compliance with naval regulations, duty on Sunday was limited to an inspection of the divisions at quarters, and to the reading of the articles of war. The fleet chaplain officiated at a special service, and the rest of the day was very much at the disposal of the Reserves. Upon Monday instruction was given them on board the *Chicago* and *Atlanta* at the main and secondary batteries, the mechanism and functioning of the high-powered rifles and of the machine and rapid-fire guns being explained by the officers of the cruising ships. Each division was put through detailed drill, not, as last year, in conjunction with the regular crews, but alone, and in the afternoon all hands were treated to a battle exercise, which was as novel and inspiring to the uninitiated as a rattling fighting page out of a sea romance. Admiral Walker, who is not given to over-praise, declared the next day that the work of the Reserves was surprisingly good.

On Tuesday the divisions went outside of Sandy Hook on board the steel vessels, and not only fired at the target, but demolished it at a range of somewhere around fifteen hundred yards. The general practice was capital, but to one of the 6-inch guns of the *Chicago* fell the honor of destroying the target. It is interesting to note how quickly the volunteers picked up the trick of making things lively in the vicinity of the mark; and I am told that a large percentage of the shots would have hit the ordinary fighting ship in action. Wednesday was a red-letter day, given up to a landing drill based upon this general scheme, formulated by Admiral Walker:

> "Fort Hamilton is assumed not to exist. The beach is held by a small detachment of infantry. A supporting force is in the neighborhood, but has not arrived within striking distance. The naval brigade lands, drives back the skirmish-line, which retreats and meets the supporting force. The defence then holds the naval brigade in check. The fight is drawn, and the naval brigade, getting short of ammunition, falls back to its boats, pressed by the defence at the beginning of its retreat, but covered and protected as it re-embarks by the fire of the ships' guns.
>
> "The defence will consist of the *Atlanta's* three infantry companies and the first, third, and fifth divisions of the naval militia. . . .
>
> "The *Chicago's* battalion, the *Atlanta's* artillery, and the Second and Fourth divisions of the naval militia will form the attacking force. . . . At Signal 60 the *Chicago's* battalion and the *Atlanta's* artillery will embark. At Signal 46 the forces of the attack will shove off and form inside of and near the vessels and opposite the point of landing in the following order from right to left: *Chicago's* artillery, *Chicago's* infantry, *Atlanta's* artillery, Second and Fourth divisions naval militia. When the line is formed, a position pennant will be shown from the senior officer's boat. At Signal 64 the line of boats will pull in. . . . At Signal 73 fire will be opened from the secondary batteries of the *Chicago* and *Atlanta* to cover the landing, each gun that bears being fired once in fifteen seconds. At Signal 74 the firing will cease. When the naval brigade retreats to its boats the same signals will be made to open and cease fire to protect the re-embarkation. Each rifleman will be supplied with twenty rounds of blank-cartridges, and each gun landed will have thirty blanks."

The battle was fought valorously upon these general lines amid the plaudits of enthusiastic spectators, who, while adding to the color, detracted from the practice, and when afloat in a town of boats, as many of them were, seemed to delight on being in everybody's way and nobody's watch. The defence was resistlessly victorious, took many prisoners, and generally proved itself worthy of the trust. I believe the disposition and handling of the sailor-men and marines failed to achieve the approval of one military critic, who aired his lacerated feelings in an uncalled-for and incoherent article; but I think it may be claimed that the battle of Dyker's Meadows was fairly well thought out even if sea officers did direct the operations. On Thursday the little squadron shifted its anchorage to Peekskill, off the State Camp. Here there was a boat-race, which ended in a dead heat, and had to be pulled over the next day; and on Friday there was a dress parade and review ashore in honor of the Governor. The divisions returned to town upon Saturday, after as profitable and encouraging a week of work as the best friends of the Naval Reserve could desire.

J. D. **Jerrold Kelley.**

PERSONAL.

Old Miami University, at Oxford, Ohio, which is receiving so much advertising at present from the publication of the fact that it is the *alma mater* of President **Harrison** and Mr. **Whitelaw Reid**, is a college entitled to be called fortunate in its graduates. Among its students who subsequently became distinguished in public life were the war Governors of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois—**Dennison**, **Morton**, and **Yates**; several other Governors of Western States; Professor **Swing**, Chicago's foremost divine; Senator **Brice**; Secretary **Noble**; Attorney-General **Miller**; and **Caleb Smith**, who was **Lincoln's** Secretary of the Interior; besides several Supreme Court justices, and a host of others of high but less conspicuous place in life. The university was chartered in 1809, and though it has passed through various vicissitudes, it is now in a flourishing condition.

—**Bourke Cockran** used to be called a leonine man, and lately he has been spoken of as "a big Newfoundland dog." Either description is appropriate enough, in view of his large shaggy head, his broad shoulders, sturdy frame, and short thick throat. One noticeable feature is his eyes, which look sleepy when not awakened by the excitement of argument or of eloquence, such as that which roused the Chicago Convention. Though Mr. **Cockran's** fame as a lawyer, orator, and politician is national, he is only thirty-eight years old, and less than twenty years ago he was a clerk in A. T. **Stewart's** store. As recently as 1878 he was a struggling young lawyer at Mount Vernon, with a practice that barely gave him a living, but both fame and wealth have advanced toward him since that time with geometric progression.

—In **Harper's Weekly** for July 23d a writer mentions the interesting fact that one of the early architects of our National Capitol used a bundle of stalks of corn in the ear as a column in his designs for that edifice. A correspondent calls attention to another instance of a distinctively American design in our early architecture, which is to be found in the use by **Thomas Jefferson** of tobacco leaves as a substitute for the leaves of the acanthus in the capitals of the columns that support the noble porch of the rotunda of the University of Virginia. It was characteristic of his vigorous, original, and intensely American mind that he should substitute for the conventional acanthus leaves, which had decorated the capitals of Corinthian columns since the days of Hellenic architecture, the leaves of the plant to which, in his time, Virginia owed the greater part of her wealth. The architecture of the University of Virginia was under his personal supervision. The plans were drawn in many instances by his own hand, and showed the great attention to details that marked all his efforts. The effect of his bold experiment is not unpleasing; and to this day the columns of the porch, facing the beautiful vista of turf and forest between the white arcades on either side, bear witness to the patriotism of its builder.

—The late **Jaspar Livingston**, who died recently in Florence, where he had lived voluntarily expatriated for thirty years, was well known in that city for his eccentricities, and is best remembered, perhaps, for his remarkable equipages. In the days when Florence was governed by a Grand Duke, Mr. **Livingston**, in a fit of pique at not being invited to court, determined to outshine the Grand Duke, who was accustomed to drive to the Casino with six horses. He put eight horses to his break, and the Grand Duke, not to be rivalled, put eight to his. The contention for superiority continued until each was driving twelve horses, when the Grand Duke abandoned the contest. Mr. **Livingston**, however, continued to add horses to his break until he had eighteen attached, and commonly drove about with sixteen.

—An interesting feature of the performance of the *Meistersinger* at Baireuth was the appearance, as conductor in the first act, of **Siegfried Wagner**, the composer's son. He is said to possess considerable talent as a musician, and his friends are hopeful that he will some day acquire fame of his own apart from that which he has by inheritance. He has had a careful training in music under the direction of his mother, Frau **Cosima**, and the prospect is that he will develop into a clever, if not a great, musician. The fact, however, that most of the world's distinguished composers had accomplished something notable before they outgrew their childhood is against any expectation of conspicuous success on young **Wagner's** part.

—The champion woman tennis-player of the United States, Miss **Mabel Cahill**, is a native of Dublin, and has been for only four years a resident of New York. She is a woman of small physique, but full of spirit, and accomplished in horsemanship and other out-door sports besides tennis. One secret of her success on the tennis-court is the facility with which she executes a strong back-hand stroke, which surprises her opponent, and usually wins the point in play.

AMATEVR · SPORT

EACH SUCCESSIVE YEAR, WHEN THE DAY COMES for the New York Yacht Squadron to concentrate and sail away on its annual cruise, there is evinced on the part of a number of persons, who may be called the "yachting elect," a feverish interest about the success or failure of a very few contesting boats. The squadron is a very large one. In fact, it is becoming cumbrous; there are very few harbors large enough to comfortably accommodate two hundred sail, while the New York Yacht Club considers itself neglected if there are not at least two hundred hulls crowded into Newport Harbor on the night preceding the race for the Goelet cups. Notwithstanding, however, all the fine spectacular situations which can be made from foam-streaked blue sea, hurrying clouds, graceful hulls, and straining canvas, the real yachting man is a very "Gallio," and cares for none of these things. He knows the comparative racing records of last year's successes, and has made a study of their personal idiosyncrasies, and through the winter he has followed up with care the variations in shape and sail plans by which the designers have essayed to evolve a few minutes more speed. Probably also in his more enthusiastic moments such a one has yielded to the temptations of futile argument, and backed his choice with money. So it is that the personal interests of a man in *quasi* partnership with a boat are reduced in these recurring events to a comparatively small number.

LAST YEAR, WHEN THE FLEET rendezvoused at Hempstead Harbor, and Commodore Gerry fired his guns and fluttered his flags for salutation or orders, every man's mind and tongue were concentrated on the 46-foot class, and the only question was, "How much can *Gloriana* beat the rest of the class?" All the other probable contestants were well enough known, and men said *Katrina* has no mate, as *Titania* is laid up. There is nothing to choose between *Marguerite* and *Iroquois*, and no other boat is worth considering. This season, however, the field for doubt has widened, as the suggestion of the possibilities of full water-lines combined with very fine and straight section-lines with overhanging ends, which the Barnegat fishermen evolved out of their inner consciousness long years ago, had been approximated by A. Cary Smith in the *Yampa*, and had been worked out to its finality by the Herreshoffs in the flying *Gloriana*. Naturally success was imitated. The Herreshoffs built the *Wasp* after *Gloriana*, but modified. A. Cary Smith, for Mr. John Brooks, constructed a 90-foot schooner of the deep centre-board sort shaped not unlike the *Yampa*, only "more so," while Mr. William Gardner evolved a keel 90-footer, which for long spoon-shaped overhang forward and straight section-lines prolonged into an elongated stem of much projection, suggests a sublimated *Gloriana*. Both these latter boats, by-the-way, are carefully called "cruisers," but when it is considered that their main-booms are within fifteen feet of the water-line length of the vessel, and that their other spars correspond, the "cruiser" intent may be disregarded.

LAST YEAR, JUST AT THE END of *Gloriana's* triumph, and not long before Mr. Burgess's untimely death, Mr. Prince, of Boston, brought out a centre-board 46-footer called *Beatrix*, of Mr. Burgess's design. This vessel tried conclusions with *Gloriana* once, and, though beaten, lost no honor. So to the *cognoscenti*, *Beatrix*, now *Harpoon* "done over," passed into the ownership of the "Adams boys," as everybody calls those very clever brothers, and furnished with a hollow steel centre board loaded with lead, which materially lowers her centre of gravity, presents a new and doubtful factor.

Therefore, when the squadron came together at Hempstead, and Commodore Gerry signalled the start and sail to Morris Cove, there were just four vessels in the fleet on whose possibilities the attention of racing men was concentrated. Everybody was familiar with *Gloriana's* looks, and most men had seen and commented on *Wasp*, but the schooners were novelties. *Alcæa's* long nose was compared to the pointed end of a cucumber; and people who contemplated her masts, the aft one stepped amidship, while the fore seemed to point downward at the forefoot, remarked that Mr. Gardner seemed to have intended a sloop, and, as an after-thought, to have made a schooner. *Lasca* was likewise irreverently treated, and likened to a muscle-shell with two sticks in it. Still, "handsome is as handsome does," with yachts as with other things; and *Gloriana*, which last year was voted at her début "simply hideous," became by the end of the season a queen of beauty, and so will the new schooners if they only beat the class; and men will expatiate on their grace, just as Marryat, Chamier, Cooper, and the rest were won't to do over the old-time sloops and frigates which, to the modern with clipper training, resemble troughs with square ends.

THE SQUADRON GOT OFF ON TIME, with a good breeze ahead; but as no time was taken, no official results were had. *Gloriana* towed a boat to signify that she was not racing. *Merlin*, starting a mile in advance, led into Morris Cove, while *Lasca* managed to pull up a lead of half a mile, and beat *Alcæa* fairly. From Morris Cove to New London, with free but light winds, much the same results were had. There was the same spectacular effect and the same concentration of interest on four vessels. *Wasp* beat *Gloriana*, and *Lasca* led her rival. So in the run from New London to Newport, the same weather conditions and the same results, with no one satisfied. Aside from the new boats, there were many interesting tests among the older vessels. *Iroquois* and *Marguerite*, *Constellation* and *Merlin*, raced each other, with but little to choose. *Gracie* seems this year to have renewed her youth, and showed well to the front, while *Katrina* literally "sulked" along the course.

THE GOELET CUP RACES WERE LOOKED TO by everybody as a test from which conclusions could be drawn, but as it turned out the Goelet day was not decisive in results. Early in the morning a fierce squall seemed to disarrange the prevalent summer sea-breeze, and when a late start was effected there was only a light southwest air, which got steadily lighter, until the final reach from the West Island buoy was drifted over by the light of the moon. In the weather work of this race down to Block Island buoy *Alcæa* beat *Lasca* nearly two minutes, and that uncommonly fast Burgess schooner *Merlin* beat the pair, and eventually won the schooner cup with *Lasca*, which had managed to drift a little faster than *Alcæa*, second. Every one rejoiced over *Merlin's* victory. Burgess was a very popular man, his memory is to yachtsmen a very green one, and his productions are likewise popular. So people were glad over *Merlin's* victory, and still more pleased when it was announced that *Harpoon*, with the Adams talent handling her, had won the sloop cup, defeating both the Herreshoff boats, notwithstanding the supervision of those very canny Scots the Barr brothers.

WHETHER "HARPOON" IS REALLY FASTER than *Wasp* and *Gloriana* cannot be said to be as yet proved, for the wind on the Goelet day left much to be desired, and the element of luck may have intruded. Certainly, however, *Harpoon* seemed to go to windward faster than the other boats, and certainly she reached the finish before them. Some interest was excited during this race by the appearance of *Drusilla*, a new Herreshoff fin keel, belonging to Vice-Commodore Morgan's fleet. This fin keel is a big one, thirty-five feet on the water-line, and was admitted to enter as being over the N. Y. Y. C's limit of fifteen tons. She possibly may be, though it is difficult to compute the tonnage of a canoe with a steel and lead plate bolted to the middle of its keel. As is the case with all the fin keels, this craft went to windward very fast, and failed in running, as might be expected from her rig, which is not adapted for light sails. Saturday ought to have been the Goelet day, for a smoky southwester ruffled the sea and blew hard enough to snap some topmasts, *Gracie*, *Wasp*, and *Mariquita* being sufferers. As the course to Oak Bluffs was down the wind, the big schooners had their own play, *Constellation* leading, with the old *Dauntless*, skimming along merrily, a close second. *Lasca* beat her class rivals, and *Gloriana* managed to beat *Harpoon* by seven seconds. This defeat might have been saved if the Adamses had refrained from a long-continued luffing match with *Wasp* early in the day, during which exciting but futile performance Captain John Barr was keeping *Gloriana* straight on her course.

ALTOGETHER THE CRUISE SO FAR has been a success in everything but racing. Never was such a large and such a good fleet collected. The management of the authorities has been up to the mark, which is a great deal to say of a squadron where Gerry and Morgan fly pennants, and Kane, Griswold, and Grinnell preside over regattas. And, too, considering the narrow harbors and the size of the fleet, there have been singularly few accidents. In fact, there has only been one collision, which resulted in the schooner *Idlewild* losing her mainsail to the *Constellation's* bowsprit, her owner receiving some injury at the same time. The breaking of a mast winch cut Mr. Bryant's head quite severely; but with these exceptions all things have gone very smoothly, and all that is needed to make a perfect cruise is a good strong whole-sail breeze from the northeastward so as to make a lively beat up the back of Cape Cod, on the run to Marblehead.

AT MARBLEHEAD WILL BE FOUND in General Paine's *Alborak* an addition to the 46-foot class, and a possible rival to *Gloriana*, *Wasp*, and *Harpoon*. General Paine, who is as persistent as he is ingenious, has not been deterred by *Alborak's* bad performance of last year, but has done her over and recast her keel, and still believes in her speed. It is a great pity that the General did not put *Volunteer* in commission this year. She is not only a popular favorite, but she is very fast as a schooner, and, judging from her last year's form, would be a very difficult boat to beat.

As a general rule alterations to vessels do not pay, but there are exceptions, and *Marguerite* is one of them. Mr. Palmer has been persistent in his attempts to improve his schooner, and he has succeeded, as she is at least ten minutes faster than she was last year, as judged through the line of *Iroquois*, which schooner is sailing in about her usual form.

It is rather a pity that the 40-foot class has so died out. In fact, all the experiments that have been in the 46-foot class might just as well have been made in the 40-foot, and so have given an incentive to improve some of the old boats. As, however, the 46 class is too big for the 40's, it would be a good idea to make a special class of these latter. *Mariquita*, *Minerva*, and *Liris* are all too good to be retired.

The list of special prizes has been enlarged by the offer of two cups by Commodore Gerry for a race at Marblehead, and by Mr. J. Pierrepont Morgan two for the run from Oak Bluffs to Marblehead. These are being raced for while we are on the press, Tuesday, and on Wednesday.

Early in the season the *Shamrock* in her new rig attracted a great deal of attention, but, as usual, she does not sail when she gets down East. The waters seem unfamiliar to her, and the undeniable special knowledge of the Bay Ridge men is useless.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE EAST in doubles was decided at Saratoga last week, and a pair thereby selected to meet Ryerson and Carver at Newport. At the time of closing the entries, the event bade fair to be a failure once more, so far as number of entries was concerned; but, fortunately, at the last minute, other pairs decided to play, and the respectable number of twelve was finally secured. This is a larger entry than has been secured for this event for a number of years, and as the courts were good and the arrangements generally complete, so far as the Saratoga Club was concerned, it was generally conceded that the National Association was wise in selecting Saratoga, and would do well to make the event a permanent fixture at that place. One feature, however, although not in the power of any one to avert, somewhat detracted from the interest in the play. The drawing was, of course, by the Beynell-Wilde method, and the five strongest pairs were unfortunately drawn in the upper half, while two diminutive but plucky little Spaniards, the Agelasto brothers, were obliged to win only from teams of very inferior skill in order to capture a place in the final round, and with it the very handsome prizes offered to the runners up.

THE HALL BROTHERS WON THE CHAMPIONSHIP, but only after two extremely close matches—the first with Billings and McCormick, and the second with Hovey and Bixby. The match with Billings and McCormick was played in the preliminary round, and it took the full five sets to decide the issue. Billings played better than McCormick, excelling chiefly in swashing, but the latter also did well, and deserved much credit. The match with Hovey and Bixby was even closer, the Halls winning the fifth set only by a score of eight games to six. Hovey played with all the dash and fire for which he is so noted, while Bixby probably never performed better, although altogether too cautiously in the opinion of most of the players. Some of Hovey's smashes were terrific, but the Halls gave him as few opportunities as possible, directing almost every return toward Bixby, who was content with simply getting it back until his partner could secure a good chance to do the "killing." The plan worked quite well, but the Halls were steady and tenacious, even when the score of the fifth set was four games to two against them, and finally won the match. In the second round the brothers met Slocum and Clark, and the contest was disappointing, for the two veterans did not pull together very well, and lost the match in three straight sets. Then, to cap the anticlimax, came the finals between the Halls and the Agelastos, and this, of course, was a walk-over for the former.

THE HALL BROTHERS certainly deserved to win the tournament, for they defeated all of the strongest pairs; but they played a pretty and brilliant rather than a strong game, and I heard many doubts as to their ability to defeat Carver and Ryerson at Newport. The Westerners have improved each year, while the Halls are certainly no better than were Hall and Hobart last year, and the latter pair truly had no easy time. A victory for the Western champions would no doubt create great enthusiasm in their section of the country, and perhaps would be a good thing for the prosperity of the game.

THE SINGLES FOR THE State Championship were fully as interesting contests as the doubles, with W. P. Knapp, Richard Stevens, H. W. Slocum, Jun., J. S. Clark, V. G. Hall, H. M. Billings, and McCormick as the stars of the occasion. E. L. Hall did not play in singles, and his brother was no match for Knapp, whom he encountered in the semi-final round. The most interesting match in the early rounds was that between Knapp and Richard Stevens. Knapp has continually beaten Stevens in practice, and that fact seemed to unnerve the latter at the start, for he lost nine straight games before he could pull himself into form. Thereafter it was "nip and tuck," with Stevens at one time having considerably the best of it, but Knapp hung on with the persistence for which he is so noted, and finally won the third and deciding point. A notable feature of the tournament was the appearance of the ex-champion, H. W. Slocum, Jun., it being his first entry in an open competition since 1888. Notwithstanding his great lack of practice, Slocum easily defeated all of his adversaries, until he met Knapp in the final round, and then yielded only after five hard sets had been played. The ex-champion showed almost his old form in the first and fourth sets, which he won, but in the fifth was not able to live up to the pace which he had set for himself, and Knapp captured the first prize and the honor of meeting Hovey for the championship of New York State.

THAT CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH between Hovey and Knapp must go down in the annals of lawn-tennis in the United States as one of the most remarkable and exciting ever played. The result demonstrated anew the dogged persistence and pluck of Knapp in uphill playing, and also showed that Hovey, in a certain degree, still retains that faint heart, or that undefinable something, that has caused his downfall in so many matches before. For the first two sets Hovey was at his best, and won as he pleased, outplaying Knapp at every point. With the score of the third set five games to one, forty-fifteen in his favor, Hovey was given an easy chance for a "smash" at the net, his favorite stroke. The chance was missed, and from that moment his confidence seemed to vanish, while that of Knapp once more returned. The third and fourth sets were quickly placed to the credit of the latter, and in the fifth Hovey was unable to secure even a single game. Knapp was undoubtedly much gratified at the result, for it was the desire to meet and defeat Hovey that induced him to enter; but his gratification must have been somewhat qualified, for not even a careless observer of the match could credit him with so much skill as that possessed by the brilliant but faint-hearted loser.

NINETY-FOOTERS, 70's, 40's, 30's, 46's, AND 21-FOOTERS! In which direction will the craze go next? Even the Eastern Yacht Club, which recognizes nothing under 30 feet, is to give a race for the 21-foot class; and it is altogether probable that this year 1892, although up to the present moment absolutely devoid of anything interesting in the large classes, will, from the performances of the 21-foot class, including as it does nearly every conceivable type of boat, taken in connection with the sailing of *Wasp*, *Handsel*, *Wenonah*, *El Chico*, and the *Morgan* fin, prove the most valuable in the history of yachting.

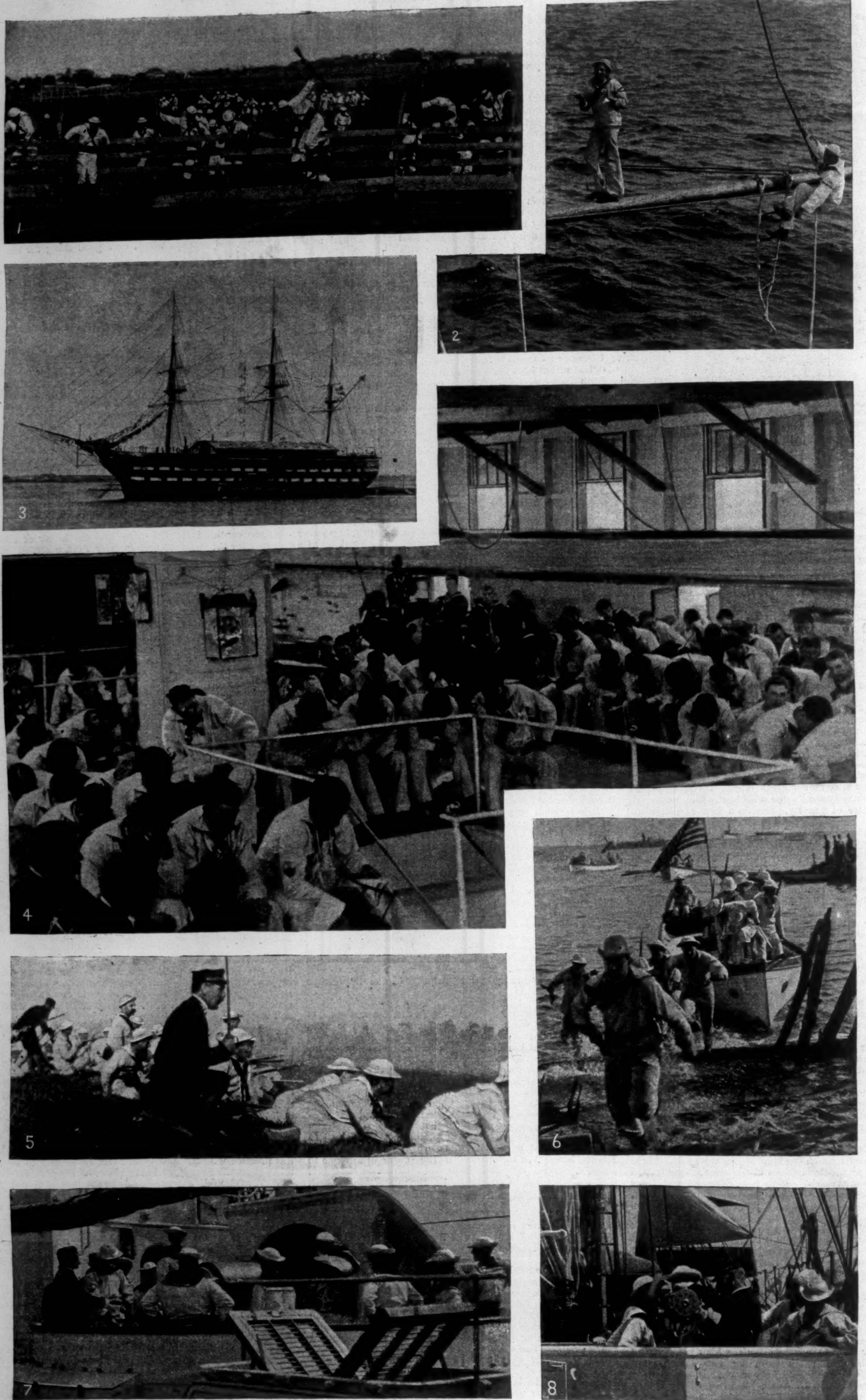
THE 21-FOOT CLASS is regarded as an experiment. At least two prominent yachtsmen are watching it with much interest with a view to building for the 46-foot class, and it is not improbable that Boston will be represented in that class next year by a fin boat. This year Boston is waiting and watching.

ALTHOUGH "ALPHA" HAS WON every race in which she has started, good judges—the best judges—attribute her wonderful and almost unparalleled success to the way she has been worked up, and the clever handling she has received. Ever ready for an emergency, never unprepared, with a skilful hand and a light touch at the tiller, a good crew of Corinthians, Fred Brown sails *Alpha* for all the speed she has, from the preparatory signal to the finish. Other 21-footers are well handled too, but, as a rule, the boats that should be her most dangerous competitors, namely, the fin boats, suffer most in this respect, probably because their owners have had less practice with the new type. One fact seems to be certain—the wide boats now in the class can never win. *Catspaw*, *Thrush*, and *Exile* are hardly in the race, although *Exile* has proved very fast, except on the wind, and her owner seems to be confident that her windward work will be improved.

NOTWITHSTANDING THE UNBROKEN record of *Alpha*, the fin has many strong advocates who will not be convinced until Nat Herreshoff himself fails to make a record for *Vanessa* or *Reaper*. There is a story that he gave the owners of *Alpha* to understand that the fin boats had the call, and this before *Alpha* left Bristol. However this may be, it is certain that a strong protest was made in one of the leading clubs by those interested in the Bristol centre-boarder against classifying the fins and centre boards together, and they now sail in different classes. By-the-way, the little 15-foot centre board cat-rig *Mab*, of Herreshoff design, beat all the 21-footers four minutes actual time, in a double-reef breeze on the 16th.

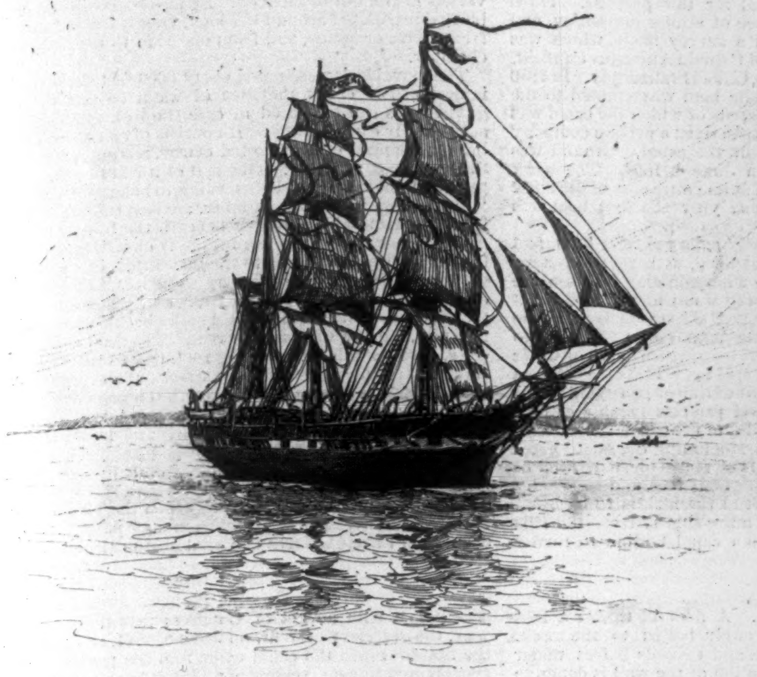
THE 30-FOOTER HANDSEL is a wonderful boat in a breeze. Not only in races, but in knocking about Hull, where she frequently tackles the larger boats, she is making a great name. Last week she fell in with one of the fastest 40's, and held her own in a reach of over a mile in a strong wind.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.



ANNUAL DRILL OF THE NAVAL RESERVES.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 786.]

1. A Retreat. 2. "Between the Devil and the deep blue Sea." 3. The *New Hampshire*. 4. Sunday Service on the *New Hampshire*. 5. In the Field. 6. Landing Troops. 7. Firing 8-inch Gun. 8. Explaining Mechanism of the Gatling-Gun.



BARK "PROGRESS" READY FOR SEA.

A WHALER AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

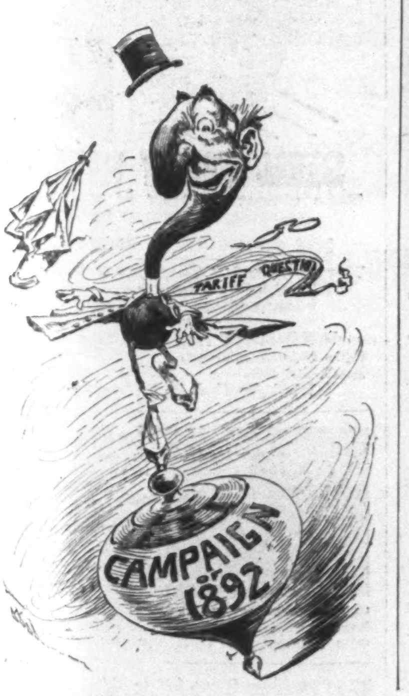
THE bark *Progress*, an old-fashioned full-rigged whaler, is to be sent to the World's Fair at Chicago. This obsolete vessel will be viewed with more than passing interest, for her presence recalls an epoch in our history to which New England looks with pardonable pride.

To the city of New Bedford is due the credit of representing this industry of bygone days, and a clever idea it was to thus immortalize her people and one of the many hulks that lay rotting at her wharves. The perennial visitor to this dreamy little town on the shores of Buzzard's Bay is ever moved by the sight of numberless whalers, whose deserted decks and weather-stained hulls are silent but impressive witnesses of stirring scenes.

Mr. E. F. Crane, a young business man of Chicago, first heard of the offer to sell the *Progress*, and fit her out for a whaling voyage to Chicago. To Mr. Henry E. Weaver he imparted his scheme. The result was the purchase of the vessel by Mr. Crane, and the appointment of Mr. Weaver as his agent. The *Progress* is not only a stanch, but a historic ship as well, having brought home many thousand barrels of oil. She is 358.62 tons burden, and was built in 1843 at Westerly, Rhode Island, for Mr. Charles P. Williams.

A NEW MINISTER TO PERSIA.

IT is evident that President Harrison thinks that newspaper work is excellent training for diplomacy, as he has filled several of the most important posts in Europe with editors. Notable among these were Mr. Whitelaw Reid at Paris, and Mr. Charles Emory Smith at St. Petersburg. Now to far-away Teheran he sends as Minister Mr. Watson R. Sperry, the editor of the *Morning News* of Wilmington, Delaware. Mr. Sperry will succeed Mr. Truxton Beale, of California, who has been promoted to the mission to Greece, Roumania, and Servia in the place of Colonel A. Louden Snowden. Mr. Sperry is about fifty, and a native of Oneida County, New York. His father was the well-known clergyman the Rev. Lynam Sperry, of Stockbridge, Massachusetts. Watson Sperry went into a printing-office at Unadilla, New York, when he was fifteen. By the time he was twenty-one he had been graduated from the case, and became an editorial writer on the *Otsego Republican*, at Cooperstown, New York. In 1867, when he was twenty-five, he entered Yale, and finished in the class of 1871, winning all the literary prizes. He then came to New York, and took an editorial place on the *Evening Post*. In 1881 he became managing editor of that paper. The next year, with his father-in-law, the late Isaac Henderson, he bought the *Morning News* of Wilmington, and this paper he has edited ever since.



ON TOP.

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THE SAULT STE. MARIE CANAL.

An interesting circumstance in the diplomatic proceedings of this country with Great Britain has recently brought prominently into view the vast importance of that great work which for years the United States government has been quietly pushing forward in the lake region of the Northwest—the enlargement of the Sault Ste. Marie Canal and its locks. The excessive canal tolls and vexatious regulations imposed by the Canadian government, in violation of our treaty with Great Britain, upon United States shippers, against whom it discriminates grossly in favor of its own citizens, has caused much complaint and resentment on this side of the line, and has been the subject of much diplomatic controversy and of Congressional inquiry. Very recently Mr. Herbert, the acting representative at Washington of the British government, advanced the proposition that citizens of the United States should be accorded the same treatment in the Welland and St. Lawrence canals as is given to the subjects of her Majesty if the United States will continue to deal in like manner with the subjects of her Britannic Majesty in the use of the existing Sault Ste. Marie Canal. But with the advantage of its position, our government holds out for and will obtain the abolition of other oppressive and discriminating restrictions practised by the Dominion government in respect to United States commerce seeking an outlet for export from Montreal or ports east of that city.

Few people living outside its immediate sphere of operation have an adequate idea of the extent of the commerce upon the great Western lakes. There are now afloat upon this chain of inland seas 2000 American vessels, representing an investment of over $50,000,000. Many of these craft are of great size, some of them being of sufficient capacity to carry 90,000 bushels of grain at a single trip. Upon the lake borders have risen great cities rivalling the sea-coast cities in the tonnage and number of vessels that pass in and out of their ports, and this commerce constitutes an important factor in the navigation interests and the marine jurisdiction of the United States. The steam marine of the lakes largely predominates over the sailing craft, and many of the steamers are of the most approved types of modern naval architecture, with a tonnage that places them in the rank of the large ocean vessels. The sailing craft are mostly three-masted schooners of large size, such as are used in the carrying trade along the Atlantic coast. They are in point of capacity already on a par with the vessels making foreign voyages, and types of sea-going craft will become more and more common with the advance in facilities for reaching the ocean.

The only waterway between Lake Superior and the lower lakes is the St. Marys River, which forms the boundary between Ontario, Canada, and the upper peninsula of Michigan. Its current flows southeasterly from the eastern extremity of Lake Superior, and after a course of 75 miles, empties into Lake Huron 37 miles east of Mackinac Island. To render this channel navigable many improvements had to be made. The principal obstruction was found 15 miles from the head of the river, at the rapids of St. Marys, or Sault Ste. Marie, which form a natural barrier to transportation by water along this channel. The water's surface from Lake Superior to the rapids of St. Marys is essentially level. In the half-mile stretch of cascades the fall is 18 feet; below this stretch of swift and broken water the river widens into a lakelike strait, navigable for the largest vessels; while from the foot of the rapids to the Lake Huron level, reached at Mud Lake, 35 miles below Sault Ste. Marie, there is a gentle current, with a further fall of 2.3 feet in that distance.

The desirability of securing a passage for large vessels round the rapids at Sault Ste. Marie was understood at an early day, for in 1837 the Governor of the new State of Michigan called the attention of the State Legislature to the subject of constructing a canal for this purpose. Three years later, Congress, in the face of strong opposition, and after much discussion, ordered a survey made, which was carried out under the direction of Captain Augustus Canfield, of the Topographical Engineers, United States army. In 1852 a tract of 750,000 acres of public land was granted to the State of Michigan, from the proceeds of which the canal was to be built. For the amount thus derived a private company contracted with the State to build the canal. Ground was broken for the undertaking on June 4, 1853. The work was completed on May 21, 1855, at an entire cost of $999,802 46, and on June 18 of the same year the first boat was locked through the canal.

The original canal, now greatly enlarged, was 5400 feet long, 100 feet wide, and 12 feet deep, with revetted stone banks of a slope of 1 vertical to 2 horizontal. Between the years 1870 and 1881 the waterway was widened and deepened, and a new lock—the largest ship-canal lock in the world—was built, bringing up the total cost of the canal to $2,150,000. The canal is 7000 feet long, with a depth of water of 16 feet, and a variable width, its least span being 108 feet at the movable dam. A revetment of timber pier-work about four feet above mean water-level protects passing vessels against injury from the rocky sides of the canal. The chamber of its lock is 515 feet long, or, including the guard gates placed at each end, 717 feet. It is 80 feet wide, narrowed to 60 feet at the gates, with a depth of 39½ feet, and a capacity of 1,500,000 cubic feet. The lift of the lock is 18 feet, and the depth of the water on the mitre-sills 17 feet—the sills being placed one foot lower than canal bottom to render them safe from contact with the keels of passing vessels.

The limestone walls of masonry, are set in carefully tested English and American Portland cement. The foundation is laid wholly upon rock. A floor of timber a foot square, set in concrete, and strongly bolted to the rock, covers the bottom of the lock, and extends 5 feet under each wall; the rest of the foundation of the wall is concrete 6 inches to 2 feet thick, resting upon the rock.

The frame-work of the four gates—respectively designated as the upper and the lower lock gate and the upper and the lower guard gate—is of white oak, and the sheathing is Norway pine. The guard gates—used only when repairs are being made to the lock—are opened and closed by means of temporary block and tackle operated by a power capstan. Both leaves of the upper guard gate are provided with valves, by means of which the lock, after it has been pumped out, can be refilled in about one hour.

Two culverts beneath the floor, each 8 feet square, extending from the well above the upper lock gate to the well above the lower lock gate, let the water into the locks. The water enters the culverts through a grated well, each culvert being fitted at the upper end with a valve 10 feet wide and 8 feet deep, made with horizontal cast-iron axles and frames, and strengthened by a covering of boiler iron. The water passes into the lock chamber through man-holes left in the bulkhead at the lower end of the culvert, and numerous smaller apertures in the lock floor, comprising an inlet area of 190 square feet. Eleven minutes are required to fill and eight minutes to empty the lock, the water passing out of the lock by means of an arrangement similar to that by which it was filled. Each culvert being complete in itself, an accident occurring to one of these structures, or to its valves or engines, would not affect the use of the other culvert. There are four gate engines, one for each leaf of the upper and lower lock gates, and four valve engines, one for each of the filling and the emptying valves. When the water is to be pumped out of the lock the guard gates above it and below it are closed. Belts connected with the main shaft run the dynamo for the electric lights which illuminate the locks by night, and the power capstan used for warping vessels in and out of the lock. By means of lines and snatch-blocks distributed around the lock, vessels can be warped in from above or below, and from one side to the other of the chamber.

The movable dam, situated about 3000 feet above the lock, is designed to check the flow of water so that the upper guard gates can be closed in case the lock gates should be accidentally carried away. It consists of an ordinary swing-bridge balanced on its pivoted centre, resting lengthwise of the bank, ready for use. One end of it can be swung across the canal, the landward half serving to balance it. A line of "lips," or wickets, 23 in number, are suspended side by side from a horizontal truss hung beneath the bridge, and abutting at either end, when the bridge is closed, against heavy buffers securely anchored to the masonry. One end of each wicket can be let down until it rests against a sill in the floored canal bottom beneath the truss, and when all are down they form a vertical bulkhead which checks mainly, though not fully, the flow of water above it. The dead weight on the truss, 1600 pounds per running foot, due to the wickets and frames, is counterpoised by brick-work at the opposite end.

The pressure of commerce through this canal is something remarkable to persons not thoroughly familiar with the lakes. Almost uninterruptedly, day and night, the locks, worked by their ponderous hydraulic machinery, are in operation, passing steamers and sailing craft up and down the passage. The records kept at the locks show that in the seven months of the year during which the lake navigation is open, more vessels and more tonnage pass through this canal than through the Suez Canal during the entire year.

Although the general government had spent so much money upon the Sault Ste. Marie improvements, this waterway continued to be owned by the State of Michigan until, in accordance with an act of Congress passed the preceding year, the Secretary of War, on June 6, 1881, received it from the State. Since the canal came into the possession of the general government, vessels of all kinds have passed through it free of toll.

The chamber of the lock now building on the site of the two above-described locks of 1885 will be 1000 feet long between the gates, 100 feet wide, and 43½ feet deep, with water on the mitre-sills of 21 feet, and an 18 feet lift. The estimated capacity of the lock, 3,440,000 cubic feet, is sufficient for the lockage at one time of four vessels, each 350 feet long and 46 feet wide. To make it commensurate with the dimensions of the lock, the canal will be deepened to a navigable depth of 20 feet. The estimated cost of the lock and enlarged canal will be $4,740,000. Work upon these improvements was begun in the spring of 1887, with General Orlando M. Poe, U. S. A., as the engineer in charge. On the Canadian side of the river the Dominion government is building locks for the accommodation of its own commerce. With the vast development, as yet only initiated, of the copper and other mineral regions of Lake Superior, and the growth of cities like Duluth, Superior, Bayfield, and other railroad termini, with their deep-water harbors, and behind them the vast undeveloped Northwest, whose natural outlet is the lakes, there is a boundless scope in the future of this inland navigation, which has become literally a part of ocean commerce. The iron whaleback steamer which went to Liverpool from the farther extremity of Lake Superior was a suggestive forerunner of the ocean vessels of the near future that shall carry the products of the Northwest across the seas without breaking bulk.

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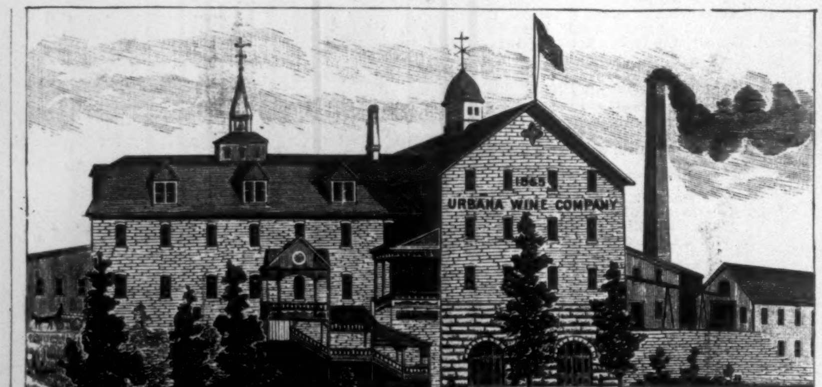

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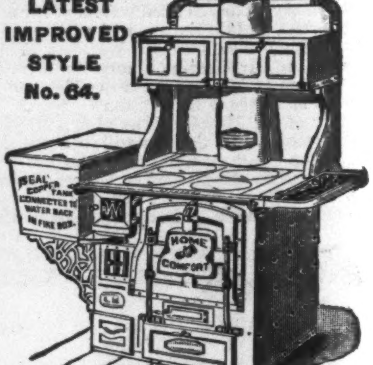

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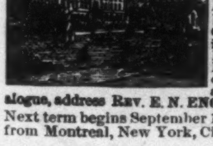

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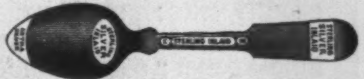

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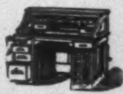

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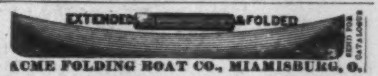

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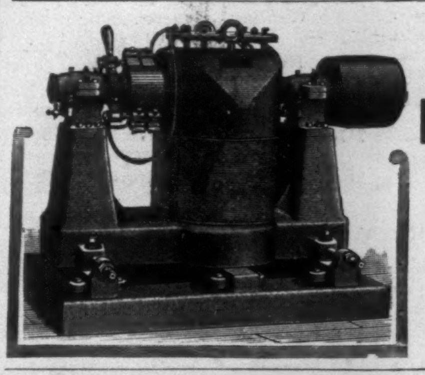

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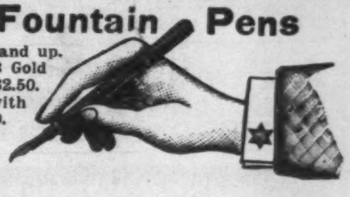

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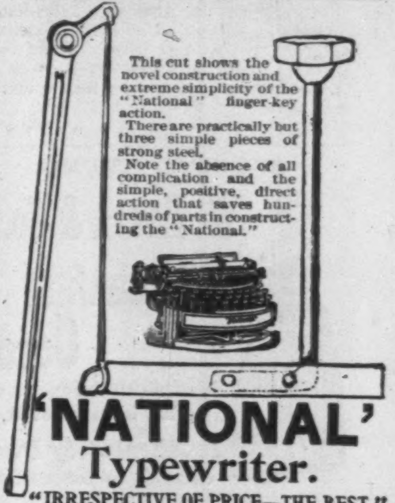

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